





*Thirchings*







**MAP OF ISLAY**

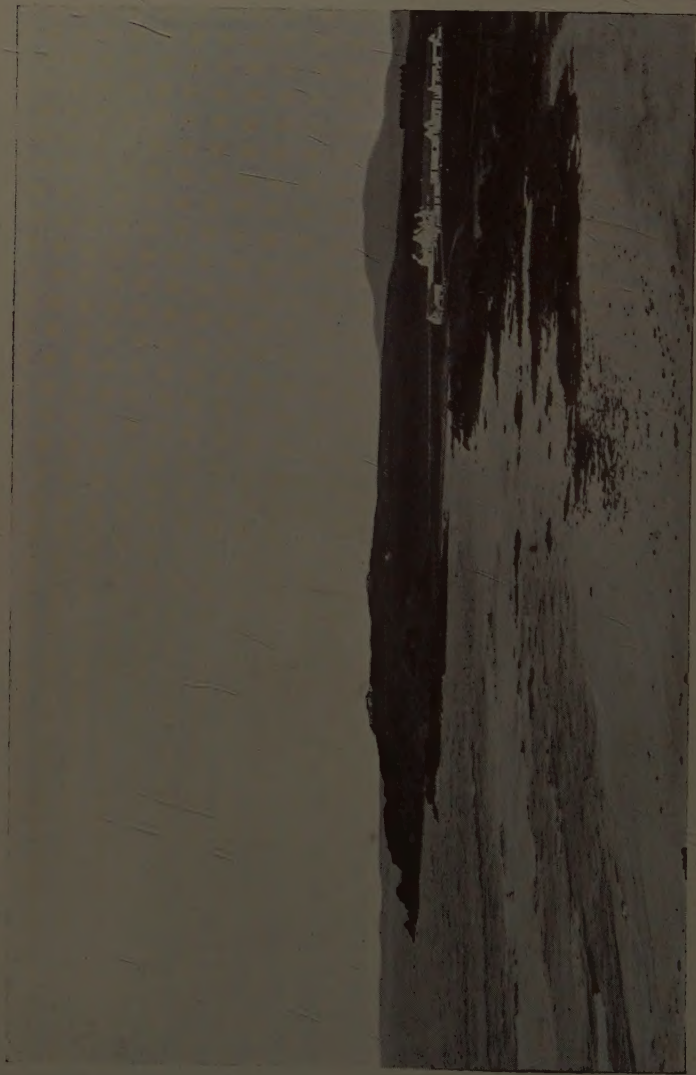
This is a detailed topographical map of the island of Islay, Scotland. The map is oriented with North at the top. It shows the island's irregular coastline with several prominent headlands and bays. Major towns and villages are labeled throughout the island, including Port Ellen, Port George, Port Charlotte, Ardsay, and others. The map also depicts various geographical features such as rivers, streams, and hills. A scale bar at the bottom left indicates distances in miles, ranging from 0 to 10. The title "MAP OF ISLAY" is prominently displayed at the top center.











LAGGAN BAY.

Photo by Archd. Cameron, Bowmore

# GUIDE TO ISLAY

BY

L. MACNEILL WEIR,

*M.P. for Clackmannan and East Stirlingshire.*



GLASGOW:

ARCHD. SINCLAIR, Celtic Press,  
47 Waterloo Street.



## Preface.

---

TO sit in this beautiful library right in the heart of the greatest city in the world and write a preface to a book on a lotus-land of the Hebrides is surely the most extreme of contrasts. Yet for all the cloistered calm of this sheltered oasis, rich in the storied associations of centuries I would fain call to my service the magic carpet of Solomon and hie me to Islay, the Queen of the Hebrides. I welcome the writing of this preface if only for the joy of letting the wings of imagination get full scope and letting memory for a brief moment supply a fugitive impression of my beloved Islay and so provide a transient compensation for my inevitable exile.

Who would tolerate London save for the hope and the prospect of leaving it? In an impartial comparison the balance of advantage is ever with the Hebrides. Who would hesitate between the haste and hurry of London, the petrol-laden fetor of her streets, the stress and strain of her life, the death-dodging adventure of her crossings, the noise and clamour of her highways, the fussy hysteria of her people and the ozone-laden atmosphere of Islay, the wide spaces and far horizons, the restful colours of her landscapes, the calm and the tumult of her encircling seas, the kindly courtesy, the quiet restraint of her people, the fragrance of the peat reek, the tang of the sea air.

In the writing of the book itself my indebtednesses have been extensive and varied. I am under the greatest obligation to the Rev. John George MacNeill whose great knowledge of Islay made his scholarly production on that subject a mine of information to the etymologist, the historian and the tourist.



No writer on Islay could afford to ignore Graham's *Carved Stones of Islay*—a classic of antiquarian lore, and, as I have indicated, I have made my references to that monumental work.

Others to whom my thanks are due are Messrs. Allan MacDougall, Port Ellen; Peter Reid, now of Pollokshields; Robertson of Bowmore; James Gray, Glasgow; ex-Sergeant Morrison, formerly of Port Ellen; Hector MacFadyen, Eallabus; Archd. Cameron, Bowmore; and the late Dr. Johnston of Bruichladdich. A special note of gratitude is due to Mr. Archd. N. Currie, M.A., B.Sc., F.C.S., a loyal son of Islay who has reached a high distinction both as a scientist and author.

And this new edition would have been impossible if it were not for the painstaking and very effective revision of Mr. Peter MacDougall, M.A., F.E.I.S., my admiration for whose ability, energy and enthusiasm is only equalled by my regard for his remarkable personality and my pride in his life-long friendship.

L. MACNEILL WEIR.

House of Commons.  
May 1924.

# Contents.

## MAP - Frontispiece

	PAGE
Introduction, ... ..	I
How to get to Islay, ... ..	9
The Journey to Islay, ... ..	10
To the Highlands Bound, ... ..	12
Gourock to Tarbert through the Kyles of Bute,	17
Tarbert to Islay, ... ..	20
The Parishes of Islay, ... ..	23
Chief Centres of the Island—	
Bowmore, ... ..	24
Port Ellen, ... ..	28
Bridgend, ... ..	30
Golf in Islay—	
Machrie Golf Course, Port Ellen, ... ..	32
Gartmain Golf Course, Bowmore, ... ..	37
Shootings and Fishings of Islay, ... ..	40
Churches, ... ..	44
Tours—	
Circular Tour from Bowmore, ... ..	45
Bowmore to Laggan, ... ..	49
Bowmore to Nave Island, ... ..	52
Bowmore to Kilchoman and Kilchiàran,	55
Bowmore to Loch Gorm and Sanaig Rocks,	59
Bowmore to Portnahaven, ... ..	64
Bowmore or Bridgend to Ballygrant and	
Port Askaig, ... ..	70
Port Ellen to Machrie, ... ..	78
Port Ellen to Bowmore, ... ..	82
Port Ellen to Bridgend, ... ..	86
Port Ellen to Peninsula of Oa, ... ..	88

Tours.—*continued.*

Port Ellen to Claggan Bay by the Lagavulin	
Road, ... ..	92
A Clachan of the Dead, ... ..	99
Distances, ... ..	105
The Sculptured Stones of Kilarrow, ... ..	106
The Battle of Traigh Gruineart, ... ..	109
Dunyvaig, ... ..	113
The Literature of Islay, ... ..	116
The Fairies, ... ..	124
The Caves of Islay, ... ..	125
The Old Churches of Islay, ... ..	130
Historical Summary ... ..	133
Notes on Islay History, ... ..	136



# Illustrations.

	PAGE
Laggan Bay, ... ..	Frontispiece.
Mull of Oa, ... ..	viii-1
Port Ellen, General View, ... ..	8-9
Bridgend, ... ..	16-17
Bowmore, Main Street, ... ..	24-25
Machrie Golf Course Views, ... ..	32-33
Sketch of Machrie Course, ... ..	36-37
Bowmore, General View, ... ..	40-41
Bruichladdich, ... ..	48-49
Port Charlotte, ... ..	56-57
Portnahaven, ... ..	64-65
Islay House, ... ..	72-73
Caraban, ... ..	80-81
Port Ellen, Frederick Crescent, ... ..	96-97
Kildalton Cross, ... ..	104-105
Sound of Islay, ... ..	112-113
Port Askaig, ... ..	128-129







Photo by Archd. Cameron, Bowmore.  
MULL OF OA AND MONUMENT TO AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

# Bowmore Temperance Hotel,

(Under New Management.)

□ □ □

Convenient Centre for Tourists.      Near Golf Course.  
Liberal Table.      Every Comfort.      Motor Hiring.

MRS. LIGHTBODY.

---

## NEIL LOGAN, Coal Merchant, BOWMORE.



HOUSE COAL.      ::      STEAM COAL.  
SMITHY NUTS and DROSS.

---

## SEAVIEW HOTEL, BOWMORE, ISLAY.

COMMERCIAL AND TOURIST HOTEL.  
SITUATED ON THE SHORES OF LOCHINDAAL.  
A CONVENIENT CENTRE FOR VISITING PLACES OF INTEREST.

**Golfing :** Gartmain Golf Course, 1 Mile.  
Machrie Golf Course, 5 Miles.

MODERATE TARIFF:      HIRING.  
WALTER WEIR, PROPRIETOR.



Pickled Tongue, Corned Beef, &c.

## A. & E. Campbell

FLESHERS.

BOWMORE, ISLAY.

Contractors to H.M. Ships  
while in local waters.

**Delivery throughout the Island by Motor Van.**

# ISLAY:

## The Queen of the Hebrides.

---

### Introduction.

---

The beautiful isles of Greece,  
Full many a bard has sung :  
The isles I love best lie far' in the West,  
Where men speak the Gaelic tongue.  
Let them sing of the sunny South,  
Where the blue Ægean smiles ;  
But give to me the Scottish Sea  
That breaks round the Western Isles.  
—*Sheriff Nicolson.*

LET us imagine an aeroplanist following a truant eagle across Scotland to his eyrie in the Western Isles. As he crosses the fertile meadows of the Scottish Lowlands he sees below, the white lines of winding roads streak the green countryside. Presently he reaches the dark blue waters of the Firth of Clyde, spotted, brown with herring boats, and white with the sails of yachts and the decks and wakes of steamers and veiled, over all, with clouded smoke. Careering in the wake of his winged pilot, he tilts upward to supernavigate Arran. From the airy altitude of cloud-land he sees it shaped like a Celtic shield and embossed with peaks like a buckler.

Past the beaconed headland of Kintyre he comes to the rim of the Western Ocean,

“ Where loud the northern main  
Howls through the fractured Caledonian Isles.”

Northwards as far as the eye can see are islands, and islands, and islands,—a rosary of islands—stretching up and out to where St. Kilda lies ‘ looking through

a cloud of gannets to the polar night.' In the midst of this sea of a hundred islands, he comes to 'green, grassy Islay'—an island of a hundred lakes.

As he glides earthward, to alight on one of the lonely peaks beside Proaig, he notes the great bights of Loch-indaal and Loch Gruineart, which almost bisect the island. Gradually the nature of his survey changes. The geographical features give place to the still more interesting geological, as the diminishing distance intensifies, while it contracts, the field of his vision. That distinctive characteristic of Islay landscapes, their beautiful, emerald hue, stands out vividly against the fringe of white foam which washes the serrated margin of its rockbound coast. A glance around shows the whole island speckled with lakes which gleam silver-white between dark and sombre hillsides. Then the interesting geological structure claims the attention.

The distinctness with which the lines of stratification may be followed on the mountain sides of Islay is a physical feature of unusual interest. It is possible to trace the line of each separate bed of rock as it winds over hill and crag, valley and tarn, among lonely solitudes frequented only by the red deer and the eagle. The prevailing colour is grey, but everywhere the duller surface is mottled beautifully where a mass of the quartz glistens as white as if it were snow. Here and there on the grey cliffs the dark line of a basalt dyke can be seen pursuing the even tenour of its way northwards alike over precipitous mountain and deep glen.

It is easy to recognise the bands of limestone which traverse the quartz-rock series. Their brighter colours stand out conspicuously in pleasing contrast to the dun-coloured heath of the surrounding hillsides. From the hill-top we may trace these ribbons of limestone for miles. The rock itself, which only comes to the surface intermittently in knobs and hummocks, is well defined by the line of soft green grass which winds from brown hillside to browner valley.

Over the quartz-rock and limestone there comes the gneisses and schistic formations. The diversities of

their mineralogical texture, resulting as it does in unequal waste, is evidenced by their variety of outline.

To the geologist, therefore, Islay presents a field of study of surpassing interest. The hills, although dwarfed by the loftier peaks of the Paps of Jura, are yet worthy of some notice. A range of peaks, the highest Beinn Bheigeir (1609 feet), continues across the Sound and rises in the Paps of Jura to a height of 2569 feet. All along the rocky coastline the sea has eaten into the land in many caves and numerous grotesque rock formations. At Bolsa, at Slochd Mhaol Doraidh, at Killeen, at Sanaig, are geological phenomena which makes these places resemble the playgrounds of some Titanic sculptor who has let his savage imagination run riot, and carved the coast into mysterious subterranean chambers, whimsical images, and fantastic shapes.

Islay has often been compared to the Isle of Man and usually suffers in the comparison. When the popularity of the Isle of Man is cited it should be remembered that Islay was a popular resort long before the other left the environs of Lough Neagh. Were not the blue-eyed Vikings spending week-ends—and longer, in Islay away back in the misty distances of history? The Isle of Man is a parvenu of health resorts and has all the blatant characteristics of the fashionable favourite. There is one item in the comparison in which Islay has an important advantage—important, that is, to the Scotsman of convention. The natives of Islay have not exploited its beauty spots for mercenary motives. Two governments vied with each other in beautifying the environs of the Cataract of Niagara, and our own resources were expended to gather the priceless treasures in the British Museum. Both may be enjoyed without fee. But the tourist must stand and deliver if he would behold the barricaded beauties of a Manx waterfall, and the epithet, *Silver Strand*, acquired a literal significance undreamt of by Sir Walter Scott, until Glasgow's need for more water sunk the exploited shore beneath the extended surface of Loch Katrine.

That there are beauty spots in Islay no one with



the slightest acquaintance with the island will deny. We recall with a renewed pleasure the delight of our impressions on seeing for the first time the setting of the sun from the deadlands of the Oa, or moonrise from the Ard, the Sound from the heights above Port Askaig, the cave wonders of Slochd Mhaol Doraidh, Sanaig or Bolsa, the Big Strand, the landscape at Skerrols, the seascape from above Ardbeg, the panorama from Beinn Bheigeir or the mysterious solitudes of Solum.

The beautiful scenes of mountain and corrie, headland and bay, mountain stream and heathery hillsides offer the artist many opportunities for following his bent. The charm of colour-harmonies is specially noticeable in Islay—the happy complement of animate and inanimate nature, of bird, and tree, and rock, and sea, or perhaps all these together. The landscapes possess in themselves much of that grand and rugged dignity characteristic of Highland scenery with the added charm of nearness to the sea so that amid scenes of the most lonely and savage wildness there are glimpses of the wide Atlantic on the one side, while on the other are the

“Great hills of the West country  
That stand along the sea.”

There are evenings in summer when sea and land and sunlight and air combine in a picture difficult adequately to describe—difficult, that is, without creating the suspicion of exaggeration, difficult to keep the pen in check. The ‘million-tinted’ sunset is beautiful anywhere, and has its distinctive charms at all seasons, but it is specially so when seen from some of the heights around Port Ellen.

The blaze of the sun lessens somewhat as the light softens and evening creeps across the sky. The fierce yellow-white of the west reddens to orange dashed with crimson. The warm tints of green, and purple and brown, of bracken and heather and moss on the surrounding hills become subdued to a sepia tint as the evening haze rises from the valleys. The boats

are gone off to the fishing grounds, the ripples in their course have long since subsided, and yonder are the boats themselves like huge beetles crawling down by Port an Eas.

The beautiful melody of the skylark, soaring to sing at 'heaven's gate,' is punctuated from seaward by the wild shriek of a herring gull—impudent, discordant, blatant. The town below dozes quietly in the shade. The soft blue smoke rises in long ringlets from the chimneys of white cottages, save when a puff of night air from the bay breaks the smoke rings and the fragrance of peat is wafted towards us. As the light becomes fainter, the higher hills darken from blue to black, their wavy contours silhouetted in sharp outline against the glowing west.

From the village we hear the voices of the children playing on the shore, and out in the bay a white yacht floats like a great sea bird duplicated in the water.

But it is to seaward we must turn if we would see the more striking sunlight effects. Headland and island, islet and rock, near and then far, glow in a strange light as the eastward rays transmute them one by one by the wonderful alchemy of sunset.

First Sheep Island and the nearer islets are bathed in golden light. Then, as the transfiguring rays sweep seaward, Texa, further out, lights up with glowing colour—indeed, 'not colour but conflagration.' Gleaming, crimson and gold, they look like fairy islands floating in a sea of silver sheen. By and by, as the sun sinks lower, we see the deepening shadows follow the light seaward and, ere Kintyre loses the glistening beams, the foreground lies in darkening shadow. "Atmospheric effect," says the scientist. It may be. We are not now concerned with causes, fearful lest we share the fate, that so often befalls the man of test tubes, to lose the æsthetic faculty and fail to see the forest for the trees.

Most of the visitors who come to Islay, however, come to golf. The strenuous enthusiasts go to Machrie, the others to Gartmain. There is nothing dilettante about Machrie golf. It demands the whole-hearted homage of a devotee, relegating the fickle attentions

of the dabbler to the crowded courses of the mainland. If your business, say the facetious, interferes with your golf, give up your business. Indeed, the oft-told tale of the Scots minister has been more than once associated with Machrie.

Emerging after a hot and unhallowed strife in an exasperating bunker, he exclaimed bitterly :—

“Ah maun gi’e it up ! Ah maun gi’e it up !”

“What !” cries his partner in consternation, “gi’e up gowf?”

“Na,” he replies, with sublime scorn, “gi’e up the ministry.”

Besides the common allurements of golf, there are at Machrie the natural hazards, the incomparable turf, combined with a remoteness and an exclusiveness which make it an ideal course.

In this democracy of sport, far from the conventions of cities, we may see the quondam starchy churchman *sans faux col*, the learned gravity of a dreaded judge concealed in an absurd hat, a merchant prince in a blazer. Opposing counsel fraternize in the pavilion. United Free and Wee Free exchange civilities on the greens, and over all the kindly *camaraderie* of a common enthusiasm.

All good golfers, they say, go to St. Andrews when they die. We grudge not St. Andrews the ghostly company so be it they come to Islay while they live, and thus compensate for a Valhalla in Fife.

The climate of islands is always more equable than that of the mainland. The surrounding sea tempers the heat of summer and takes the keen edge off the cold of winter. Thus it happens that the wavy isothermal winds north to Islay as if to bring the heat of the south to the southmost of the Hebrides.

That river of the ocean, the Gulf Stream, rising somewhere south of the Carolinas, bears the warmth of its tepid waters to Islay, and beats on its western shore unhindered. In many a creek and cranny of the island seaboard tropical canes and herbage, loot from the Spanish Main, are piled high upon the sand. Beyond Kintyre are seventeen miles of sea to Islay; beyond Islay three thousand miles of ocean to America.

Thus it is then, that, when the wind blows from the west, it comes caller over a wide waste of ocean, and carries the tang of the salt sea to the lips.

The laggard Dawn loiters thirty minutes from Glasgow on her errand from the east, and the lamps are lit in the city long before the Islay twilight merges tardily into the dusk in lavish recompense. Indeed, during the long summer nights, the island sky has a brighter glow at midnight than there is over many a town on the mainland at high moon.

The crowning proof of the health-giving qualities of the atmosphere of these Western Isles is the longevity of the natives. Indeed, they say that in Jura to such an extent do they carry their death-resisting qualities that they have to be thrown over the cliffs to discourage the preposterous proclivity. The grim Scythesman, it appears, has the same objection to the climate of these islands as he urged against Doctor Hornbook, but without the consolation of ultimate circumvention he had in the Ayrshire instance; hence the resort to assassination to decimate these Hebridean Methuselahs.

Everyone must needs be an antiquarian in Islay. The number of old world associations which enshrine its ruined chapels, ancient sculpture, and deserted strongholds, stirs the imagination with vagrant fancies. As we examine the crumbling memorials of another age, witchery of old romance weaves its spell around us, and we step from the twentieth century into the twelfth. The yellow-haired Vikings come no more in their dark galleys, but their memory lingers in the carvings in the churchyards and, in many a place-name, we speak the speech of the hardy Norseman. The claymores of the clansmen have been found at Loch Gruineart and the ordnance of Leslie has been dug from the sands at Lagavulin.

Stories of the salubrity of the climate, the splendid inns, its ozone-laden atmosphere, and its wealth of old world associations have reached the people of the cities, and they are coming, many and more, to test their truth. To those of us who knew Islay before, there comes a feeling—a selfish feeling—somewhat akin to fear lest the island may have to render up some of its

charm in exchange for its popularity. Shall it be, as the years go on, we may have the crowds of trippers, the strident pierrots, the raucous roaring of the side-show touts, and all the whirlwind uproar of an English seaside resort. Shall it come to pass that the Islayman shall lose that warm-hearted hospitality, that Celtic courtesy for which he is famous. But that time is not yet, and ere it comes the smoke-plumed liner we sometimes see steaming westward far down on the southern horizon shall be replaced by the smokeless oiler, and the levelled top of Beinn Bheigeir the last perching ground for transatlantic aeroplanes.







PORT ELLEN.

## The Journey to Islay.

---

There's some that long for a limpid lake by a blue Italian shore,  
Or a palm-grove out where the rollers break and the coral beaches  
    roar ;

There are some for the land of the Japanee, and the tea-girls'  
    tinkling feet ;

And some for the isles of the summer sea, afloat in the dancing  
    heat.

And others are exiles all their days, midst black or white or brown,  
Who yearn for the clashing of crowded ways, and the lights of  
    London town.

IT is difficult to describe the many charms of the journey to Islay without using what might be regarded by one who has not actually taken the trip, as the language of exaggeration. Of course in this, as in all connections, conditions must always and necessarily dictate impressions. We estimate the beauties of the metropolis when at its best, not when darkened by the benighting opacity of a London fog. To the bilious pessimist who sets out on a cold, rainy, miserable morning, who is train-sick one half of the journey and sea-sick the other, who gazes with bleared eyes through wet windows on a sodden landscape, the Garden of Eden itself would be an exasperating disappointment. To such the catering departments of Messrs. MacBrayne's Steamers offer the means for satisfying the wailful plaint of the lacrymose reprobate who said, "Let me weep : it makes me thirsty." But in all books of this nature we assume, not unreasonably, that the tourist makes the journey under favourable conditions. Given these, the start from Glasgow—that early morning Glasgow before the din and clamour has begun—the Broomielaw, the "Columba," the river journey, the beauties of the Firth of Clyde, the Kyles of Bute, the drive across the Isthmus of Tarbert, West Loch Tarbert, the island of Gigha and the open sea

to Islay all combine to make this route 'A thing of beauty,' and 'a joy for ever.'

In addition to the daily service by Tarbert, a steamer sails weekly from Glasgow to Islay, via Mull of Kintyre. See page 9.

Fifty years ago Dean Stanley said that it was as easy to go to Jerusalem as to Skye. Travel has been revolutionised since then. Why, to-day the chancelleries of Europe discuss the Bagdad Railway, what time the snorting iron horse goes puffing up the Jordan Valley. Conveniences have multiplied, and the Islay route need offer no anxiety to the timid tourist.



# To the Highlands Bound.

---

## THE RIVER-ROUTE TO GOUROCK.

---

“Majestic Clutha: as a princess moving,  
From the pavilion of thy morning rest,  
To where the Atlantic heaves with smile approving,  
And folds his daughter to his ample breast.  
Throned in the sunset, monarch of the west  
On thee he pours the treasure of his reign  
And wreathes Columbia's riches round thy crest.  
The Indies love thy name, and the long train  
Of myriad isles that gem the azure main.”

THE interest and beauties of the river route amply compensate for any inconvenience of the earlier start. Broomielaw is the starting point of our journey to Gourock: Broomielaw on the Clyde.

They tell of a stranger, lost among the mazy docks of Glasgow Harbour, who sought guidance from a passer-by. He was courteously directed and, as he turned to go, he indicated a stretch of water in front and inquired:

“And where does this narrow channel lead to?”

“To the ends of the earth, sir,” was the proud reply; “that’s the Clyde.”

The Clyde rising, crystal and clean, in the far uplands of Lanarkshire flows through quiet country sides, sleepy villages and busy towns, pleasant gardens and world-famed orchards, past ancient castles and modern factories, past blast furnaces where men forge metal in a lightened midnight and pits where men mine coal in a darkened noon, through the country of romance and the cities of clamouring commerce to Glasgow.

Glasgow is famous for its municipal enterprise, its art galleries and huge barracks-like tenements, its wide parks and congested areas, its cheap cars and dear trains, its church spires and factory chimneys, its salubrious suburbs and sordid slums, the purity of its water supply and the contamination of its river.

At Glasgow Bridge Wharf we join Messrs. Mac-Brayne's palatial "*Columba*." What dear associations the very name of this queen of river steamers conjures up to the mind of the Glasgow man—aye, and the Glasgow lad and lassie. It recalls all the wistful glamour of the "good old summer time," the memories of happy holidays, and the hilarious abandon of crowded hours of glorious life spent "doon the watter."

Down the harbour we go, passing, as in review, the lines—sometimes double lines—of steamers which increase in size as the river widens.

First are the coastwise packets: those pokey, snub-nosed, strident "Puffing-Billies" that potter round the coast exchanging coal from Wishaw for gravel for suburban gardens. These are the "Vital Sparks," immortalised by Dr. Neil Munro, the genial editor of "Glasgow Evening News," whose position in the world of letters is now so thoroughly established. Further down the river we pass the sea-going tramp steamers, those nautical gaberlunzies that peddle Clyde coal for Spanish ore; ocean liners, which exchange boilers and machinery for fruit from British Columbia or grain from the granaries of Ontario and large ocean liners which carry every week, during the season, emigrant armies of our best and brightest to the frontiers of the west.

Cautiously we thread our way down stream till the din of a thousand hammers announces the shipyards, long before the tall skeletons of future clippers appear on either hand. Here is the home of the ship: the shipbuilding yards that have made Glasgow famed throughout the world. Clyde-built ships and Glasgow-built engines have a reputation which is the envy and despair of disconsolate rivals.

Suddenly a deep bass blast from our siren sends our hands to our ears. It is answered by a querulous

squeak in high falsetto as a cross-river ferryboat, an oval oddity, emerging from the riverside, bids us stay our course and waddles across our bows. The "*Columba*" swung athwart the river, would well-nigh out-distance her entire voyage, but she peremptorily whistles us back—dignity and impudence say you—nay, business before pleasure.

Onward we go to leave behind the harbour channel of Glasgow—at once her Valley of Humiliation and Exaltation.

"Sure, sorr, th' shmell o' the Liffey is one o' the soights o' Dublin," said the Irish jarvey. Time was when Glasgow had a similar distinction, but the enterprise of her Corporation has gone some distance towards its elimination. They began the work somewhere in the last century.

*Dead Slow* writ large on the left bank is persistently regarded by the witty wags of Glasgow as a locality—not a caution.

Proceeding onward we come to Yoker, Clydebank, Kilbowie, and then Dalmuir. These mushroom towns are really western extensions of Glasgow. Blythswood, on the south side, still retains the natural scenic amenities of an unimproved environment.

The Old Kilpatrick Hills slant to meet the river at Erskine Ferry, near a point where Antoninus placed his outpost fort to guard the western limit of his cross-country rampart. Old Kilpatrick claims to be the birth-place of St. Patrick.

At Bowling the waters of the Forth and Clyde Canal meet the river. This canal runs, a narrow ribbon, through the flat lands of Central Scotland, joining the Forth to the Clyde. A little beyond Bowling is Dunglass Castle, picturesquely situated on a rocky promontory. Here, also, is a monument to Henry Bell, who originated steam navigation in Europe by the "*Comet*," built on the Clyde in 1811.

We pass now the high rocky headland of Dumbuck and come alongside Dumbarton, whose storied castle, perched on a precipitous rock on its western side, recalls many a name well-known in the history of Scotland. Now its glory is commercial, not martial. The

utilitarian hammer has usurped the sword, and Denny's shipbuilding yard has gathered an artisan population to its environs. North of Dumbarton lies the Vale of Leven, where Tobias Smollett, the famous novelist, was born.

The shipbuilding industry claims Port-Glasgow also, and rightly so, for was it not here that the "*Comet*" was built?

At Princes Pier, also on the south side, we are joined by those passengers who left Glasgow St. Enoch Station by the London, Midland and Scottish Railway. St. Lawrence is blamed with being the patron saint of Greenock, but the prevailing climatic conditions would lead the visitor inevitably to the conclusion that Jupiter Pluvius was enshrined as its tutelary deity. "Rainy Greenock" has been the butt of wits for generations. Shipbuilding occupies the most important place among its industries. Greenock's proudest boast, however, is that James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, was born there. Rob Roy paid it a visit in 1715, when the military weren't looking, and, "borrowing" some cattle, commandeered, incidentally, a few boats to put them in. Leaving Princes Pier, we pass the "Tail of the Bank" with its guardian cruiser.

On the north side of the river fronting Greenock, is Helensburgh. It is well known as a resort for convalescents. It has splendid gardens, neat villas, a sheltered situation, and a temperate climate. Round the Gareloch from Helensburgh is Craigendoran, where the tourist for Islay, who travelled by London and North Eastern Railway, must change to a railway steamer to connect with the "*Columba*" at Dunoon.

Across the narrow strait of Gareloch is Rosneath, with the palatial mansion of the Duke of Argyll, seen from the steamer, situated amid rose gardens and timbered pleasantries. Rosneath can claim association with William Wallace, Balfour of Burleigh (the assassin of Archbishop Sharp), Jeanie Deans, Dugald Stewart, and Dean Stanley.

Leaving Princes Pier we steam past Fort Matilda and the Government naval station to Gourock, where



those passengers who travelled from Glasgow Central Station join the "*Columba*"

But always I would like to be where the seasons gently fall  
On the further isle of the Outer Sea, the last little isle of all,  
A fair green land of hill and plain, of rivers and water-springs,  
Where the sun still follows after the rain, and ever the hours  
    have wings  
With its bosomed valleys where men may find retreat from the  
    rough world's way . . . .  
Where the sea-wind kisses the mountain wind between the dark  
    and the day.

—*Ernest Currie.*





Photo by Archd Cameron Boumore

BRIDGEND.

# Bridgend Hotel, ISLAY.

---



Situated in Centre of Island  
in a Beautifully Wooded Spot.

LONG FAMOUS FOR ITS HOME COMFORTS.

Farm and Dairying in connection with Hotel.

**The Best Brown Trout Fishing on the West Coast—  
On Lochs Finlaggan, Gorm,  
Core, Ardnahoe and Torrabus.**

Nine-Hole Golf Course near at hand

BATHING

TENNIS.

MOTORING.

---

— VISIT —

## The Islay Wool Mills,

(One Mile from Bridgend.)



LADIES' AND GENT.'S TWEEDS IN  
GREAT VARIETY—ANY LENGTH CUT.



PURE WOOL HANDWOVEN BLANKETS,  
SHEETS, RUGS, &c., &c.

**J. T. CHRISTIE & SONS.**

## Gourock to Tarbert through the Kyles of Bute.

---

And tho' we weave on a hundred shores,  
And spin on a thousand quays,  
And tho' we are truant with all the winds,  
And gipsy with all the seas,  
We are touched to tears, as the heart is touched  
By the sound of an ancient tune,  
At the name of the Isle in the western seas,  
With the rose on her breast of June.

—*Harold Begbie.*

THE growth of Gourock as a popular seaside resort has robbed the saying, "All to one side like Gourock" of somewhat of its appropriateness, for the town has spread itself well round the West Bay, overwhelmed Ashton, and fixed its outposts well down the Cloch Road.

At Gourock the tourist enters upon the most beautiful portion of his journey. The grand Argyllshire hills are in front, with Loch Long stretching northwards on the right, and the high crest of Ben Lomond far in the distance. It is said that the most beautiful walk in Britain is the shore road from Gourock to the Cloch Lighthouse, and the second best that from the Cloch to Gourock.

As we turn westward from Gourock and cross the open waters of the firth, we feel that this proud claim for pre-eminence in scenic grandeur is more than justified. No wonder it is, that the toilworn town-dweller, weary of the "fever and the fret" of sordid striving in some cock-pit of commerce, turns his thoughts to some such beauty spot of the west, forswears for a season his allegiance to Mammon and hies him thither for a healthful interregnum. Memories of its joys linger

with him long after his return to routine and, through the long winter, he recalls days spent in some bucolic Elysium of the Firth of Clyde, where the mountains look towards the beacons of the Cloch and the Cloch looks towards the sea.

Dunoon and Innellan are our next ports of call. The former is one of the oldest of Clyde resorts. On a hill to the left of the pier is a statue of Highland Mary, immortalised by Robert Burns. All round the estuary we see villages and villas which are the favoured haunt of the week-enders and his poorer brother, who comes here for "a week at Glesca Fair."

Steaming onward we pass round Toward Point. The spotless whiteness of its lighthouse renders it as noticeable a landmark by day as the glare of its beacon makes it conspicuous by night.

We now leave the mainland shore, and crossing to the coasts of Bute, make for Rothesay, lying snug and sheltered on the further shore of a crescent bay. The delightfully mild climate of Rothesay has gained for it the proud title of the "Madeira of Scotland." Its popularity is evidenced by the fact that during the summer season its piers and esplanades are crowded with people and its bay with yachts.

Although in these peaceful days merely regarded as a health-giving summer resort, yet in other and more warlike times the din of battle resounded through this isle of Bute and around Rothesay Castle.

The ancient castle of Rothesay was built by the Norsemen when the Norman, William the Red, sat upon the English throne. Like the Belfry of Bruges which was

"Thrice destroyed and thrice rebuilt,  
Still it watches o'er the town."

Now Norseman and now Ironside have fought and fell beneath its grim battlements. Circling Rothesay Bay we turn northward and enter the world-famous Kyles of Bute.

Many and abler pens have described the unrivalled beauties of this wonderful waterway—have described it often and adequately. We notice the sombre grandeur

of Loch Striven, encompassed by hills, as we pass to the small quiet village of Colintraiwe.

Beyond Colintraiwe we steam cautiously through a contracted channel and, for a few anxious moments, we seem to be running ashore. High hills on right, on left and in front slope sharply down to the water's edge. Suddenly Loch Ridden appears on the right and we are out of an apparent *cul de sac*. Near the mouth of the loch, on a small island marked by a single tree, are the ruins of a fort which contained the war stores of Argyll during the disastrous Monmouth Rebellion of 1685. Perched on a hillside on our left, beyond Loch Ridden, are two boulders which fancy, and the paint-brush of some facetious wag have transformed into "The Maids of Bute."

After making a passing call at Tighnabruaich, a village in keeping with its quiet surroundings; we leave the Kyles and rounding Ardlamont Point enter the open waters of Loch Fyne. Here men reap the harvest of the sea, for these waters are the favourite haunt of the famous Loch Fyne herring, a tit-bit for the fastidious epicurean. Crossing Loch Fyne we skirt its western shore to Tarbert, where we disembark.



## Tarbert to Islay.

---

O, it's a snug little island!  
A right little, tight little island  
Search the world round, none can be found  
So happy as this little island.

—Dibdin.

THE little fishing village of Tarbert is snugly invisible from the steamer until, rounding a rocky promontory, you suddenly find yourself in a narrow channel with the pier alongside. Tarbert is a famous resort for artists, and many representations of beautiful landscapes and seascapes have been painted in this district. Colin Hunter, the famous Scots painter, depicted a characteristic Tarbert scene in his "Trawlers Waiting for the Darkness."

A number of motor vehicles await the arrival of the "*Columba*" to convey us to West Loch Tarbert, where we join the Islay steamer. The old stage-coach of other days has now given place to a modern charabanc, which quickly covers the 40 miles that lie between Tarbert and Campbeltown. A very narrow isthmus separates East Loch Tarbert from West Loch Tarbert. So narrow, indeed, is this neck of land that it served Magnus Barefoot with an excuse for including all Kintyre to the south as a part of the Hebrides. The hoary tale has it that King Malcolm of Scotland gave a grant of all the land he could circumnavigate, to the hardy Norseman. The "terminological inexactitude" of the wording of the grant gave Magnus the opportunity to adopt the letter and not the spirit of the title deed. With the keen acumen of an Aberdonian lawyer he exploited a verbal quibble and seating himself, in all state, in his galley, had it laboriously drawn across the isthmus. By this artifice he was able to claim successfully all the land lying southward. Years after,



Haakon of Norway followed his example, and thus avoided the stormy passage round the Mull of Kintyre. The drive through the sleepy town of Tarbert adds a pleasant variety to the route. On an eminence on our left, as we pass through the town is Tarbert Castle, which served, for a time, as the residence of Robert the Bruce. To the right the hills are high, irregular and rugged. Our journey is all too short, for presently we sight the little "*Pioneer*," which is to take us on the last stage of our journey—its bright red funnel presents a marked contrast to the dark waters of the loch.

As the "*Pioneer*" moves down the quiet waters of West Loch Tarbert, we cannot help noting the sparseness of population as compared with the crowded Firth we have just left. High hills of heather and bracken descend to the waters edge. At wide intervals we may see a farm house, but no sign of a town or a village. Little row-boats come out from the shore at certain points and waylay our passage. "Tinkle, tinkle," goes the bell. We slow down. A rope is thrown and made fast, our accommodation ladder is lowered, a solitary passenger makes a precarious descent into the bobbing boat, his luggage follows, a bundle of letters is handed over, the rope is cast off, "All clear, sir," and we are away again. By-and-by the channel widens. The Kintyre coast recedes on the left. We cross a little stretch of open sea, and presently arrive at Gigha.

A fine wooden pier now serves the exigencies of the Island. Very few houses are to be seen, and the land is low and somewhat uninteresting. The people of Gigha are mainly engaged in agriculture and fishing.

For two hours after leaving Gigha we plough the open waters of the Atlantic. Right ahead we can make out the high hills of Islay, our destination, and, on our starboard bow, the even more conspicuous Paps of Jura. No mountains on the west coast have so distinctive an outline.

Steaming onward the coasts become clearer, and we can make out the outstanding features. The high bens are gathered more to the north end of Islay.

The white-washed cottages and distillery of Ardbeg are the first signs of habitation to appear. We notice that the whole coast is one vast archipelago of rocks and small islands which renders navigation in these waters a matter of difficulty and danger. Making our way past Lagavulin we enter the Sound of Texa with the island on our left.

The Island of Texa was, in other days, an ecclesiastical centre of great importance, and as the steamer passes along its shore we notice the ruins of its ancient church standing roofless on its western side. Beyond Texa we pass Laphroaig, whose chief industry, like Lagavulin and Ardbeg, is whisky-distilling.

No sign of Port-Ellen is visible until rounding a rocky headland we enter a crescent-shaped bay, at the head of which stands Port-Ellen. A lighthouse, erected to the memory of Lady Eleanor Campbell by her husband, stands on the left. For well-nigh ninety years it has guided mariners into this dangerous harbour, but its light is stationary, and a lighthouse with a distinctive light and modern equipment would supply a much-felt want to ships making the port.

The perils of the voyage are now over, and the tourist lands at Port-Ellen and goes forward to receive that Highland welcome for which the hospitable natives of Islay are so justly esteemed.

The alternate ports of call in Islay are Port-Ellen and Port Askaig, each route affording scenic variety—the Port-Ellen route, as already described, is via Gigha pier, whereas the Port Askaig route takes the traveller round the majestic south west coastline of Jura. Days of call at the respective ports are duly noted on page 9.

# The Parishes of Islay.

---

Now, the joys of the road are chiefly these :  
A crimson touch on the hardwood trees ;  
A vagrant's morning wide and blue  
In early fall, when the wind walks, too ;  
A shadowy highway cool and brown,  
Alluring up and enticing down,  
The outward eye, the quiet will  
And the striding heart from hill to hill ;

An open hand, an easy shoe,  
And a hope to make the day go through.

*" The Joys of the Road."*

—*Bliss Carmen.*

**I**SLAY has been conveniently divided into three parishes, Kilarrow and Kilmeny, Kilchoman and Portnahaven, and Kildalton and Oa. Of these the first named is the largest, being about twenty miles long and eight miles broad. A march, running from near Proaig on the east coast to the mouth of the Laggan River divides it from Kildalton, and a boundary stretching between Lochindaal and Loch Gruineart separates it from Kilchoman on the west.

The parish of Kilchoman and Portnahaven lies on the west side of Islay. It is twenty miles long and five miles in breadth. Its natural features seem to indicate that it was once an island. The distance between the high water marks of the two bays is about a mile. Along the coast are many beautiful bays, and in many places are chasms and caves which ceaselessly re-echo the sough of the sea and the scream of the seagull.

Kildalton and Oa is twenty-four miles long and seven in breadth. It extends along the south-west coast of the island.

All three parishes are rich in objects of antiquarian interest.

# Chief Centres of the Island.

## Bowmore.

---

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,  
And there is traffic in it and many a horse and cart,  
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,  
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,  
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal,  
But the little waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray,  
And the little waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul.  
“*The Little Waves of Breffny.*” —Eva Gore Booth.

**B**OWMORE is the capital of Islay. It stands on the shore of the beautiful waters of Lochindaal. At the head of the principal street is the parish church of Kilarrow. It is the most conspicuous object in the district, standing high over the town, a curious circular building, one of two churches in Scotland built on the corn-stack principle. This is the older church of the two, and owes its conical shape to a French architect who, doubtless influenced by tradition, was determined to eliminate any corners for the devil to lurk in. Was the same architect the writer of the bombastic Latin inscription on a tablet affixed to the outer wall? It certainly lacks the characteristic Gallic restraint and the proverbial Gaelic grace. At any rate, let's blame the alien. It may be translated thus, “FOR THE STUDY OF PIETY, AND THE CULTURE OF TRUTH AND HONOUR, DANIEL CAMPBELL, LORD OF THIS ISLAND, BUILT THIS CHURCH AT HIS OWN CHARGES, AND DEDICATED IT TO THE SUPREME DEITY IN THE YEAR 1767.” There are those who would say that the juxtaposition of the Deity and Mr. Campbell was characteristic of the clan.



BOWMORE, MAIN STREET.

ESTABLISHED 1850



.. Gold Medal ..  
London Exhibition

.. Diploma ..  
London Exhibition

# Alexander Currie & Son

BREAD, BISCUIT

.. and ..

PASTRY BAKERS



Orders Delivered Daily by Motor Van.

MALT BREAD A SPECIALITY.

Wedding, Christening, & Birthday Cakes

Made to Order.



BOWMORE AND PORT-ELLEN  
ISLAY

There is a tradition that the bell is rung every Sabbath morning at 9.30 to warn worshippers to prepare for worship at 11.30. This practice could be extended to other localities with advantage.

Bowmore has several good hotels and comfortable boarding-houses, a post office, a bank, a large splendidly equipped and staffed Secondary School, and a police station. It was a town of considerable importance at one time. In 1784 Bowmore had its weekly market; its Dean of Guild, Archibald Adair; and its postmaster, David Simson, merchant. As far back as the beginning of the nineteenth century the progressive townsmen of Bowmore appointed a Sanitary Committee. Dire penalties befel the owner if he allowed 'the gentleman that pays the rint' to wander wide from his sty. Woe—and a fine of five shillings—would betide the shameless reprobate who dared to place a dung-heap on the street. As an indication of the public-spirited generosity of the natives it may be added that in 1805 Mrs. MacMillan was district salaried nurse.

To the artist, ideal sunset-effects as witnessed from Bowmore, offer charming subjects of study, but Lochindaal's beauty ill atones for the silting-up process that Nature has hastened on during the past century, her pier being no longer useful except for fishing-craft, whereas the real steamboat facilities belong now to the termini-ports of the island, Port Ellen and Port Askaig.

While the industries of Bowmore, whether we consider distilling or fishing, are far short of what they once were, the village and its neighbourhood, with fair agricultural possibilities on every hand, have been a veritable nursing ground of men and women of worth, who have distinguished themselves in many different walks of life. Bowmore is the Highland home of Mr. Thomas Atholl Robertson, M.P. for Finchley Division of London, and it is equally dear to the heart of Mr. Dugald MacPhater, the genial and capable Superintendent of the Northern Division Police, Glasgow.

It is interesting to recall the fact that the Tennants of Wellpark and the Simpsons who once owned Bowmore distillery, were closely related. The late Sir Alexander Cross, Bart., M.P. for Camlachie



Division of Glasgow, was closely associated with Islay through near relatives engaged in farming in Kilarrow. Lord Clyde's father, Mr. John MacLiver, resided for a time at Druim na Cille (Church Road), Bowmore, prior to his migrating citywards, after a sojourn at the Crofts, Paisley. Dr. Walter MacGilvray, a prominent Free Church clergyman of the Disruption Period, and his two equally brilliant nephews, Dr. M'Gilvray and Rev. D. M'Gilvray, also Dr. Alex. Currie and Dr. D. W. Currie, Tillicoultry, hailed from Islay's capital. Just above the village at the farm of Gartmain was born Islay's greatest bard, Mr. Wm. Livingstone, whose poems were edited many years ago by Dr. Blair, Edinburgh, on behalf of Glasgow Islay Association. Dr. Blair was himself educated here, and was in his day undoubtedly one of Scotland's ablest preachers. Dr. Blair owed not a little to Mr. Taylor, parochial schoolmaster, whose son, the late Professor Malcolm Taylor, of Church History, Edinburgh, attained the highest distinctions in the Church. The late Mr. David MacBean likewise gave long and honourable service in the village school.

Here, too, the late Rev. John MacGilchrist, the venerable minister of Bowmore Parish Church, laboured incessantly and well in the cause of religion and education for over 50 years, and his sons, Rev. John MacGilchrist, D.D., formerly of Govan Parish Church, and now of Old Machar Cathedral, Aberdeen, and the equally-gifted Professor Archibald Currie MacGilchrist, of the Chair of Zoology, and of the Indian Medical Service, Calcutta, fully uphold the family traditions for scholarship, industry and social service.

In the sphere of business Bowmore has had and still has her prominent sons. Messrs. M. & I. Mactaggart, Solicitors and Bankers, retain their native town as the seat of their activities, but have extended their business connections far beyond its confines and enjoy the confidence and patronage of a large Highland clientele.

The local bakery, with business ramifications throughout the island, was instituted by the late Mr. John Currie, as far back as 1850, and his son, Mr. Alex. Currie, J.P., Bowmore, and grandson, Mr. John

Currie, Port Ellen, worthily maintain the excellent reputation of their long-established firm.

Those holiday-makers who choose to visit Islay in August will find much to interest them in the Bowmore Lammas Market and in the Cattle Show held on the previous day in the spacious enclosures within the grounds of Islay House, Bridgend.



## Port Ellen.

---

When Death's dark stream I ferry o'er,  
A time that surely shall come;  
In Heaven itself I'll ask no more,  
Than just a Highland welcome.

—Burns.

**P**ORT ELLEN is the most important town in Islay. It is a beautiful town. Its clean white-washed houses fringe a crescent bay with a high background of green grasslands. The headland of the Ard on its southern side is continued in a partially submerged ridge of rocks, and reefs, and small islands, which forms a breakwater, and all but land-locks the bay.

Port Ellen has no outstanding architectural beauties. There are four hotels and many of the villagers offer boarding facilities. The accommodation is thus ample, and the hotels are always well patronised.

Dr. Johnson, that 'pot of flat porter,' as Heine called him, visited the Western Isles in 1773. *Gruamach* that he was he found many things to complain of and one was that he was '20 miles from a lemon.' Needless to say, Johnson never was in Islay. Nowadays, no such complaint would be justified. The daily packet and the weekly steamer place the utmost resources of civilisation at the disposal of the visitor. There is a post office, a bank, and a public school, with Mr. Donald MacLachlan, M.A., Headmaster.

There are four churches in Port Ellen. The Free Church is the oldest and has the finest situation. High on a hillside, off the main road, it overlooks the village and the bay. The Established Church, St. John's, podgy and utilitarian, with mottled stone and truncated steeple. The U.F. Church, opened in 1910, is a fine building situated on the sea front in Frederick Crescent. The Baptist, characteristically guiltless of any architectural ostentation, is situated in Lagavulin. It also was opened in 1910.

Within walking distance of Port Ellen is some of the prettiest scenery in Islay. The sunsets seen from the Mull of Oa are famous, and from the heights of the Ard on a summer night the seascape is a delight and an inspiration. Below the high headland,

“The broad ocean leans against the land,”

In front is the rugged foreground of a rock-bound coast; the middle distance is an archipelago of islands and a shipless sea, and beyond is a far background of bays, and hills, and headlands. Those lofty peaks across the intervening sea are the mountains of Arran towering high over the peninsula of Kintyre. The eye scans the coastland downward. Below the Mull we lose the land, but sight it again where Rathlin and the hills of Antrim break the sky line in the haze of the southern horizon.

At the end of Charlotte Street is the palatial White Hart Hotel, built by the late Captain Lachlan MacCuaig, a brother of the late Rev. Angus MacCuaig of Jura. The Hotel is one of the finest on the West Coast, and its proprietrix, Miss MacKechnie, like Mrs. MacNab of Islay Hotel, lead busy lives during the summer season. Mr. Quintin has recently equipped a fine Temperance Hotel for the convenience of visitors. Here, too, is situated the Ramsay Memorial Hall. This fine building was erected by Iain Ramsay, Esq., of Kildalton, to the memory of his father, who, as the inscription in front indicates,

“LIVED IN AND LOVED ISLAY.”

The hall is a commodious one, well built, and fitted with electric light. It is a great boon to the village, and during the long nights of winter, when the tourists cease from troubling and the visitors are few, this hall is the scene of many a social function. Even in summer, dances are held here under the auspices of the Visitors' Club for the benefit of local charities.

## Bridgend.

---

Far from the haunts of man

Mark the grey ptarmigan,

See the lone moor-cock, the pride of our dells;  
Birds of the wilderness!

Here is their resting place,

Mid the brown heath where the mountain roe dwells.

Come, then! the heather bloom

Woos with its wild perfume,

Fragrant and blythesome thy welcome shall be;

Gaily the fountain sheen

Leaps from the mountain green—

Come to our home of the moorland and lea!

**B**RIDGEND is a sequestered hamlet almost hidden by the beautiful woods that extend far around.

It contains a very popular hotel, one of the best appointed in the island, whose proprietrix, Miss Mary MacIntyre, has fishing boats on Loch Finlaggan and Loch Gorm. There is a bank, a post office, and a general merchant's shop.

On *Knockandala*, an eminence on the left as we leave the shore and enter the woodlands of Bridgend, stands a beautiful monument to the memory of J. F. Campbell, Esq., the eminent Gaelic scholar and writer. It is interesting to note that his association with Islay is continued in the person of Lady Mary, his niece, the wife of Mr Hugh Morrison.

Islay House, the mansion of Hugh Morrison, Esq., is a long, rambling, irregular building white-washed and ivy-clad, situated in remarkably beautiful grounds of meadowland and woodland. Through the grounds runs the pretty little Sorn which flows to Lochindaal with many a musical fall and brown pool, and amid many a scene of rare beauty.

Fallabus House is the home of the popular factor and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. MacKillop, who are

foremost in every good work for the benefit of the Highlands. The splendid response, made at the instance of Lady Mary Morrison through the efforts of Mrs. Ramsay of Kildalton and Mrs. MacKillop and of enthusiastic workers throughout the island enabled the Inner Isles Stall to play a noble part in raising the funds necessary for the promotion of the project for The Highlanders' Institute of Glasgow.

At *Ceann na Traigh* (the head of the Strand) as we turn towards Bridgend Road stands the house of the highly-skilled specialist and much-esteemed Islayman, Dr. MacIntyre, who some years ago, through the good offices of the Laird, Mr. Hugh Morrison, saw fit to quit London for service in his native isle.

Dr. MacIntyre is a brother of Mr. MacIntyre whose Machrie Hotel is the happy summer home of golfing enthusiasts hailing from "a' the airts."



# Golf in Islay.

## Machrie Golf Course, Port Ellen.

---

Then with rage I took my driver, smiting at this foul survivor  
Of the devil very fiercely, but the turf, alas! I tore,  
And an awful crash resounding, as of splintered timber sounding,  
Heard I, as the head went bounding, and my club broke to the  
core;  
Just a stick I held all broken, broken right across the core,  
But a stick and nothing more.

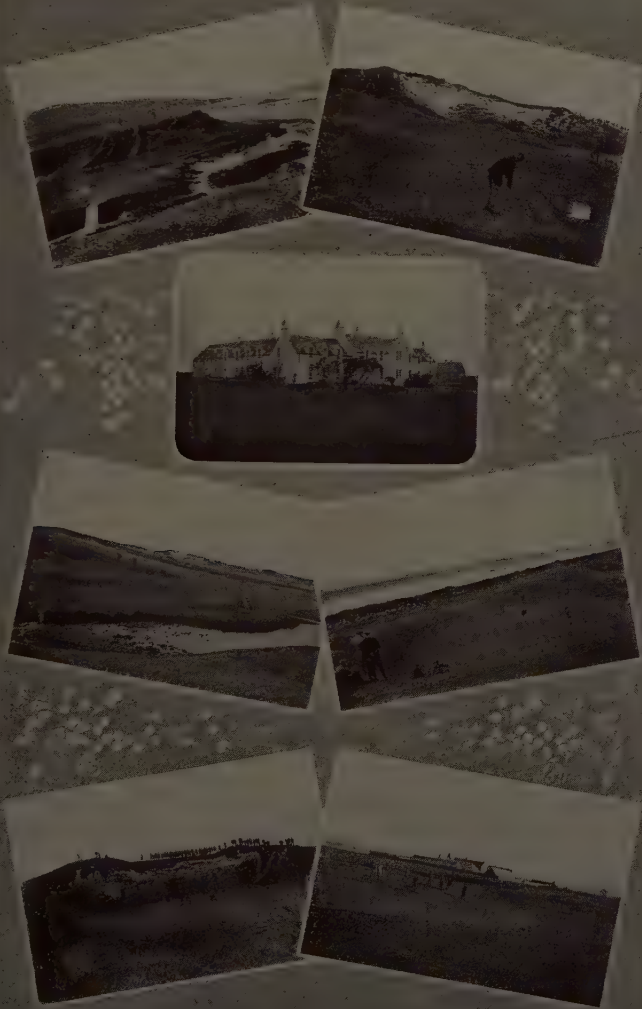
And the ball, no thought of flitting, still was sitting, still was  
sitting,

Quietly on its little sand heap, just as it had sat of yore;  
I was greatly aggravated, and I very plainly stated  
That the game was overrated, as I've heard men say before,  
So I swore I'd chuck the game up, as some others have before;  
And would play it never more!

THESE beautiful links, situated about three miles from Port-Allen, lie along the shore of Laggan Bay on the west side of Islay. They are without doubt the finest links in Scotland. Indeed, many golfers, enthusiastic in their praise, say there is no better natural golf course in the world. That part of the beach which fronts the links is known as the Big Strand. It is well named. Extending a distance of seven miles along the bay it is fringed for a considerable distance inland with acres and acres of sandhills, knolls, and hollows covered with short hard grass, mixed sometimes, but not often with bent, and at other places with moss. Only one mile in length of this great stretch of links has been utilized for the purpose of golf. What would Musselburgh not give for a slice of the remainder?

The Machrie golf links have within themselves, without any artificial aids, all that is necessary to make them perfect.





*Photos by Archd. Cameron, Bowmore.*

### **MACHRIE GOLF COURSE.**

1. Mount Zion.    2. Scotsman's Maiden.    3. Machrie Hotel.  
4. Texa.    5. Manipur.    6. Ifrinn.    7. The 17th Green.

# MACHRIE HOTEL,

Situated on the Famous  
Machrie Golf Course.

Highly recommended for a Bracing and Restful  
Holiday.

Large Smoking Room. Lounge. Ladies'  
Drawing Room. Private Sitting Rooms.

EXCELLENT CUISINE.  
STRICTLY MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.

D. C. McIntyre, Resident Proprietor.

---

# JAMES R. ANDERSON,

Baker, Butcher, and  
General Merchant,

MAIN STREET, BOWMORE.



MOTOR HIRING.

Islay is famous for unique turf. So much so, indeed, that most of the bowling greens provided by the Corporation of Glasgow were laid with turf brought all the way from Islay. At Machrie the turf is such as to satisfy the most fastidious devotee, being short, close, wiry and springy.

The position of the links, sheltered on one side by the Rhinns of Islay and on the other by the Mull of Oa gives them a special immunity from rain which is the drawback of many courses.

The situation is charming and the surrounding scenery is magnificent. How inspiring it is to watch the afterglow of the setting sun, as it lingers on the mighty bens; the hush of evening on the placid moorland lochs and the unique grandeur of the towering Atlantic waves as they spend their force upon the Big Strand.

It is a fine sight, after a westerly gale, to see the great rollers coming on in unbroken smoothness till their curling crests, many feet in height, dash themselves in white foam on the sullenly resisting sands, or are broken among the rocks of Kintra into inland-hurrying spray.

The greens are large and smooth, the turf being carefully tended. The very extent of the course—three and a half miles—is a guarantee that there is plenty of scope for the long game.

Over all is a fine ozone-laden atmosphere that acts beneficially on the healthy blood. There is the sense of boundless freedom in the limitless ocean stretching far westward. In calm it laps the golden sands in gentle murmurs. In storm it hurls itself on rock and strand as if in maddened energy it would consume them.

To beauty of situation, to ideal turf, there is added at Machrie—exclusiveness. Far removed from the mad rush of golfers it is never overrun with players, and this is indeed one of its greatest charms. The wide expanse is never crowded and long waits for position are unknown.

When it was pointed out to the late Mr. Ramsay that Machrie links would make an ideal golf course,

he resolved to give every facility for the formation of a club. On the club being formed he gave it the use of the links at a nominal rental of £1.

With the assistance of Mr. P. J. Mackie (now Sir P. J. Mackie), Mr. Lachlan M'Cuaig, Mr. Dugald MacLeod and others, the necessary money for forming a golf course was raised. Mr. Mackie arranged with Willie Campbell, Bridge of Weir, to lay off the course. When Willie arrived at Machrie, he mounted a knoll, looked round and exclaimed with much enthusiasm: "This place was made for gowff."

Shortly before noon on Friday, 22nd May, 1891, Mrs. Ramsay of Kildalton formally opened the course by striking off the first ball. Immediately thereafter a 36 hole match was played between Willie Campbell, Bridge of Weir, and Willie Fernie, Troon. Campbell's knowledge of the course stood him in good stead, especially in the first round which resulted in his being 5 up. He ultimately won by 7 up and 6 to play. On this historic day in the annals of Islay golf the weather conditions were delightful. Not a cloud was in the sky, and a slight breeze tempered the heat of the sun.

The names of the holes are most descriptive, *e.g.*, *Anavon* (burn hole), *Gara Tota* (Turf Dyke). Close to the rocks of Kintra is one of the most notable holes in the links. It is named *Mount Zion*, and anyone who has played it can appreciate the title. It is over 400 yards in length, has many pitfalls for the unwary, and its approaches are guarded on all sides. A fozzled drive is almost certain to be punished badly by getting into the sandy road about 100 yards from the tee. There is also a nasty bunker on the left which traps a fozzled second shot. Two fairly good shots leave the player a mashie approach, and if he lands on the green he has a foretaste of heaven, but the slightest inaccuracy places him in purgatory.

*The Grave* No. 4 derives its solemn name from the fact that a number of shipwrecked sailors were buried near this hole. It is one of the shortest holes in the course but is guarded by the sandy road already referred to.

At *Texa* No. 5 a bad second shot is sure to be caught in the burn. Near the spot is the site of Grianain School, which had at one time a famous teacher of Latin and Greek.

Along the seashore we come to *Achnamara* No. 6. Bents flank it on right and left, the principal hazard being a sand bunker on the landward side.

Next in order come *Crannag* (pulpit), *Lag* (Hollow), and *Scotsman's Maiden*. This fine hole is so named from a description of it which appeared in the *Scotsman*. A poor stroke at this hole gets hopelessly punished. There is no escape for a drive that does not carry at least 130 yards, and even then it must be fairly straight. You tee your ball, grasp your club, look for the line of direction, and lo! rising sheer in front of you is a yawning sand bunker whose outstretched brownness distinctly cries out "Come!" Woe betide the golfer who gets into the arms of this siren. If you lose your head to her, sure as fate your heart will follow, and you are undone. At this hole the strokes are apt to be terribly accumulative, and many a card has mysteriously disappeared at this spot.

A lesser Maiden is the next, *Manipur* No. 10, as there is no escape for a bad drive.

A charming hole is *Glenegedale* No. 11, named from the adjoining farm. The player must drive a straight ball as the line of bent on the left is to be avoided.

*Punch Bowl* No. 12 has a specially descriptive name.

*Heather Hole* No. 13 is so called from the fact that when the course was first laid off there was a good deal of short heather on the way to this hole, but it is rapidly disappearing.

Willie Campbell, who laid off the course, had a great fancy for No. 14, and it was named *Willie's Fancy* in his honour.

*Druim* No. 15 is so called from the ridge which impedes its approach.

*Ifrinn* (Hell) No. 16 is a descriptive title which can only be appreciated by the unfortunate player who makes a bad approach.

*Machrie* No. 17 stands near *Machrie Hotel*.

*Imer* No. 18 is so named from the undulating nature of its situation.

All the bunkers and hazards are natural, and there is no hole without some difficulty to be overcome. On the other hand there is no reason why a steady player should get into trouble. It is only the bad shots that are punished.

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS AND GREEN FEES.

	GENTS.	LADIES.
Entry Fees, ... ..	£1 1 0	£0 10 6
Annual Subscription, ... ..	0 10 6	0 10 6
Visitors' Weekly Ticket, ... ..	0 10 0	0 7 6
Visitors' Daily Ticket, ... ..	0 2 6	0 2 0

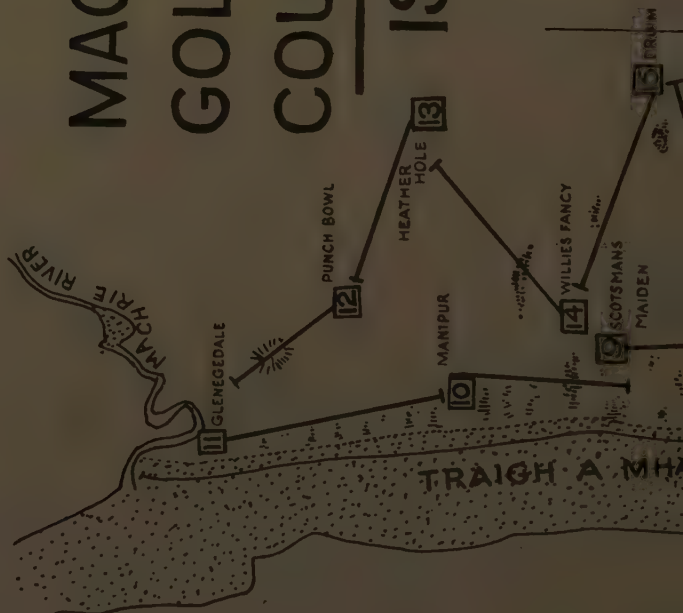
The names and lengths in yards of the holes, together with the Bogey scores, are as follows:—

	HOLES.	LENGTH.	BOGEY.
No. 1	Anavon ... ..	295	4
No. 2	Gara Tota ... ..	376	5
No. 3	Mount Zion ... ..	422	5
No. 4	The Grave ... ..	277	4
No. 5	Texa ... ..	266	4
No. 6	Achnamara ... ..	325	4
No. 7	Crannag ... ..	340	5
No. 8	Lag ... ..	350	4
No. 9	Scotsman's Maiden ... ..	400	5
No. 10	Manipur ... ..	290	4
No. 11	Glenegedale ... ..	400	5
No. 12	Punch Bowl ... ..	242	4
No. 13	Heather Hole ... ..	300	4
No. 14	Willie's Fancy ... ..	340	5
No. 15	Druim ... ..	396	5
No. 16	Ifrinn ... ..	356	5
No. 17	Machrie ... ..	378	5
No. 18	Imer ... ..	190	3

TOTAL BOGEY SCORE 80



# MACHRIE GOLF COURSE. --- ISLAY.









# Gartmain Golf Course, Bowmore.

---

Miscueruntque herbas, et non innoxia verba—And they mingled herbs (or grass) and words not harmless.

—*Virgil Georgics, Book II., 129.*

*Suggested classical motto for golfers.*

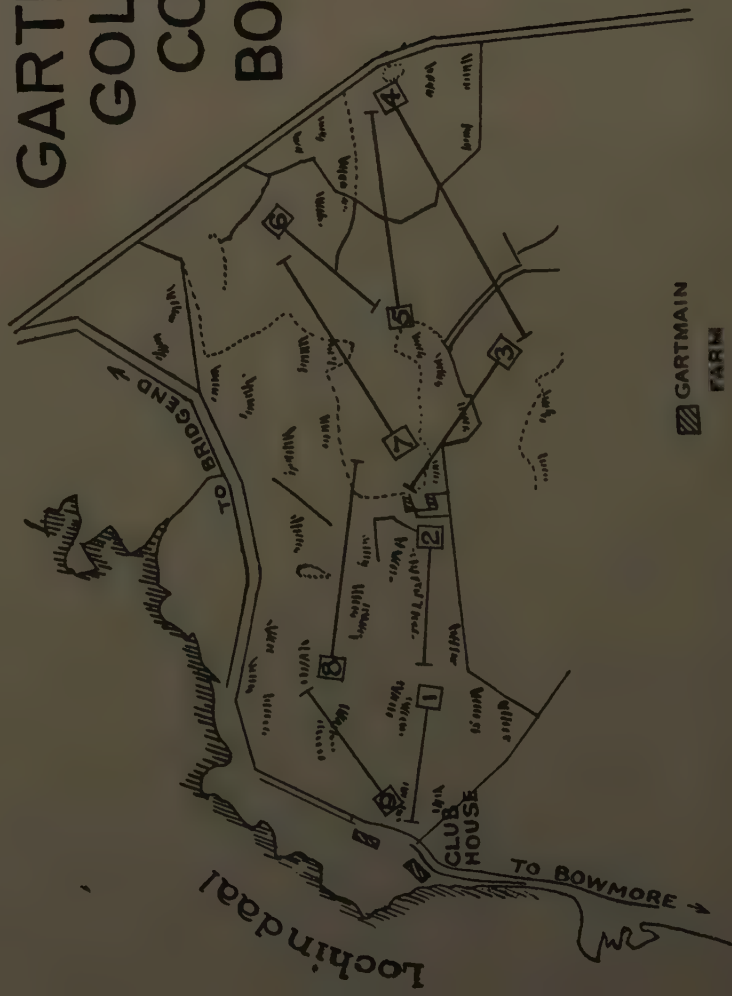
**T**HIS delightful little seaside course is situated mid-way between the villages of Bowmore and Bridgend, and within easy access of either. Although rising to a considerable height above sea level, the course in no way taxes the climbing powers of the golfer, as the ground is of an undulating nature, and the view which may be had from practically all parts of the links could hardly be surpassed. On the one hand there stretch for miles the large and magnificently wooded grounds of Islay House, with the Paps of Jura rising in rugged grandeur in the background, and the almost no less rugged heather-clad hills of Islay in the nearer distance; while on the other is an uninterrupted view of the waters of Lochindaal and the many picturesque little villages that rest on its shores.

But while the average golfer is alive to the beauties of nature, and can appreciate the health-giving qualities of such a course as Gartmain, the enthusiast is more immediately concerned with its beauties as a golf course. These are undoubted. To begin with, the course is a natural one and as such, other things being equal, will always appeal to the golfer more than one constructed by disfiguring the face of nature.

The turf is of good consistency, and the greens, though perhaps a trifle small, are admirably placed, varied in contour, and present a good putting surface.

The holes, in the aggregate, are long and vary from about 180 yards to some 430 yards, and all have dis-

# GARTMAIN GOLF COURSE. BOWMORE.



 GARTMAIN  
FARM

tinctive features, while the lies throughout, if a fair line is kept, are good.

The hazards are numerous and consist of rocks, turf dykes, hedges, rushes, roads, etc., etc.

The holes afford scope for, and indeed demand skill in, all manner of strokes. It is not a duffer's course, where the fozzler may fizzle with impunity. On the contrary a bad stroke is almost invariably punished, and this quality besides making the course a searching test of golf, appeals to all true sportsmen and tends to raise the standard of play.

The Bogey score is fixed at 41, and although on paper this figure looks a trifle generous, the player who beats the Colonel on level terms requires to play very good golf.

The Club has a thriving membership, but there is never delay nor overcrowding on the links—a virtue which will appeal especially to golfers coming from city courses for a quiet holiday in the Highlands. Summer visitors are well catered for both at Bowmore and Bridgend. The charges for playing are: 7s. 6d. per month; 5s. per fortnight; 3s. per week; and 1s. per day.



## Shootings and Fishings of Islay.

---

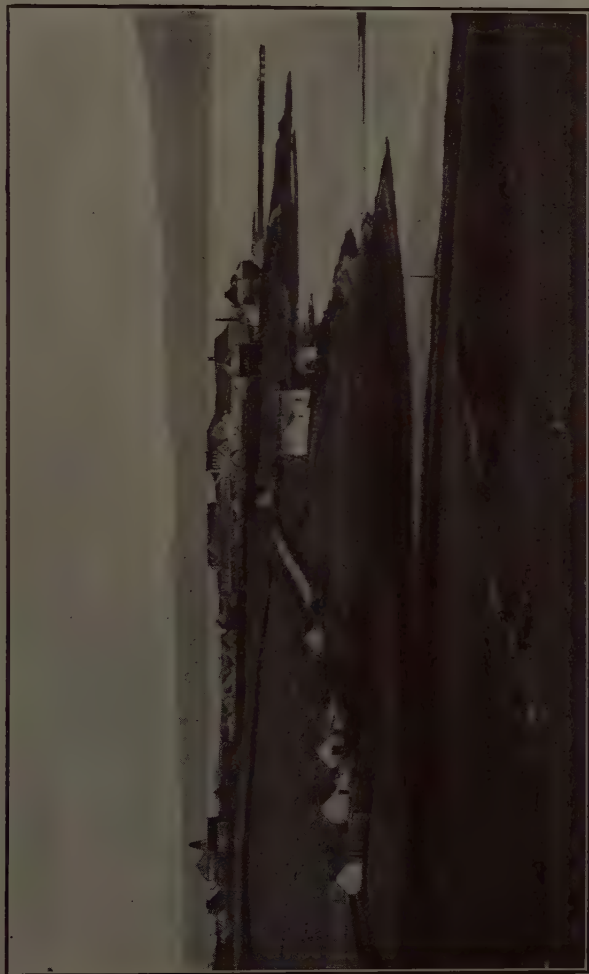
A birr! a whirr! a salmon's on,  
A goodly fish, a thumper!  
Bring up, bring up the ready gaff,  
And when we land him we shall quaff  
Another glorious bumper!  
Hark! 'tis the music of the reel,  
The strong, the quick, the steady,  
The line darts from the circling wheel,  
Have all things right and ready.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's out  
Far on the rushing river,  
He storms the stream with edge of might,  
And like a brandish'd sword of light,  
Rolls flashing o'er the surges white,  
A desperate endeavour!  
Hark to the music of the reel!  
The fitful and the grating;  
It pants along the breathless wheel,  
Now hurried, now abating.

**I**T is to the remarkable diversity of natural feature, to the combination of moor and pasture, of rich cornfields and desolate hillsides, that the variety of sport to be obtained on the shootings of Islay is due, a mixed bag being the invariable result of a day's outing.

The shootings of Islay House extend over 70,000 acres, about two-thirds of which is moor. The covers extend for some miles in both directions—up the valley of the Sorn and along the shore—and are fairly well stocked with pheasants. Snipe shooting is excellent, and for woodcock Islay House shooting is unsurpassed by any in Scotland.

It will be noted from the list below that the two divisions of Kildalton for shooting and fishing purposes are in the occupation of the proprietors, Squire Clifton of Kildalton, Mr. Hindle of Cairnmore, and Iain Ramsay, Esq.



BOWMORE. | Photo by Archd. Cameron, Bowmore.

TELEGRAMS—ARCHD. CAMERON, BOWMORE

---



# ARCHD. CAMERON

Douglas House,  
BOWMORE, ISLAY.

---

Agent for

Messrs. HALTON, Confectioners, Uddingston.

Messrs. COCKBURN & Co., Chemists, Glasgow

---

CONFECTIONERY.

TOBACCO.

FANCY GOODS.

STATIONERY.

SOUVENIRS.

“GOSS” CHINA.

GOLF CLUBS.

KODAK FILMS.

---

**Post Cards** of Islay, Jura, Colonsay and Gigha.  
Large Variety.

**Printing** of any Description at Moderate  
Prices.

---

Passenger Agent for Anchor, Anchor-Donaldson and  
Canadian Pacific Company's Steamers.

*Inquiries solicited for Bookings to any part of the World.*



## LOCHS.

Loch Finlaggan, the most interesting loch on the island, is about three miles in circumference, and belongs to Hugh Morrison, Esq., of Islay. The loch contains a very large stock of trout, the latter running two to a pound, and fifteen pounds is a fair basket. Best months—May, June, July, and August. The ruin of Finlaggan Castle is on an island in the loch. From Port Askaig, three miles, and four miles from Bridgend. Permission necessary. Miss MacIntyre of Bridgend Hotel has a boat on this loch for the use of her guests.

Loch Ballygrant, which belongs to Nathaniel Dunlop, Esq., of Dunlossit, is the best in Islay, but is preserved. It is four miles from Port Askaig. Higher up lies Loch Lossit, a stream connecting it with Loch Ballygrant; trout much smaller. Still further up are Loch Broad and some smaller lochs, which are not so strictly preserved as Loch Ballygrant. One of them contains a species of trout without tails.

Loch Gorm is two miles long by one and a half broad, and belongs to Hugh Morrison, Esq., of Islay, Dr. Donald MacLachlan of Balinaby, and Mrs. Smith of Sunderland. The loch contains abundance of trout, about two to a pound, and from fifteen to twenty pounds is a fair take. Dark grey wings with red or green bodies are best, also mallard wing and variegated body. June, July, and August are the best months. An islet has on it the remains of a castle once occupied by the Macdonalds of the Isles. From Bridgend, seven miles to the loch. Permission necessary. Miss MacIntyre of Bridgend Hotel has a boat on this loch also for the use of the visitors living at the hotel.

Loch Achore—Proprietor, Hugh Morrison, Esq., of Islay—is a mile long, by a mile and a half broad, and a stream connects it with Loch Gorm. Fair sport is to be had, especially early in the season. Leave must be obtained, however, from the proprietor.

Loch Skerrols, which is preserved, is three miles by two, and yields good sized pike. It fishes best in

April, May, June, and yields good sport. It belongs to Hugh Morrison, Esq., of Islay. Bridgend is a mile off.

Loch Torrabus.—This and Loch Ardnahoe are little lochs on the Islay House shootings. They contain small black trout. Permission necessary.

Loch Cam.—Hugh Morrison, Esq., of Islay, is proprietor. It is two miles by one, is connected with Loch Drolsey and Loch Skerrols. It contains perch of a good size, but the trout are small. Leave from proprietor necessary.

Loch Drolsey.—Hugh Morrison, Esq., of Islay, proprietor; is connected with Lochs Cam and Skerrols; is a mile and a half long by a mile broad, and yields fair sport in June, July, and August; trout, two or three to a pound. Permission necessary.

## RIVERS.

The Uisgentuie flows out of Broad Loch and Sheep Loch into Lochindaal. It is seven miles long, and contains salmon and sea trout, yielding good sport. Spring and autumn are the best seasons. Permission necessary. Hugh Morrison, Esq., of Islay, proprietor.

The Duich.—Small trout and grilse, and occasionally well sized salmon. Let to Squire Clifton.

The Laggan, which is the largest stream in Islay, is capricious, but if in ply yields capital sport, both salmon and sea trout. There are eight miles of it, and the spring months are the best. The river belongs to three different proprietors, Hugh Morrison, Esq., of Islay; Iain Ramsay, Esq., of Kildalton; and Nathaniel Dunlop, Esq., of Dunlossit. Mr. Ramsay's portion of the Laggan is held by the proprietor whose projected scheme for a new mansion-house in the vicinity has stirred the interest of his old-time tenantry throughout Kildalton and Oa. Mr. Morrison and Mr. Dunlop keep their portions in their own hands. Permission necessary.

The Sorn, which yields fair sport, flows out of Lochs Finlaggan and Ballygrant, and falls into Lochindaal after a run of six miles. It contains salmon and sea

trout. Best months, May, June, and August. It yields good sport but is not open. Mr. Morrison, Proprietor.

The very valuable shootings of Kildalton Moor, including deer forest, are in the occupation of the proprietor, Squire Clifton. The fishings on Kintour River, and on the numerous small lochs in this district are reserved. Sport on the ground is varied, and usually excellent. The bag includes red fallow, and roe deer, grouse, partridges, pheasants, black game, snipe, rock pigeons, wild duck, golden plover, teal, wild geese, hares and rabbits.

The Oa Shootings are of a similar character, except that there are no deer. Kinnabus, Giol and Glenastle are owned by the Messrs. Campbell. There are several lochs well stocked with trout in this division. Loch Kinnabus is the largest.

There are no free fishings in the parish of Kildalton, and permission is required to angle in any of the streams.



# Churches.

---

## PORT ELLEN—

Parish Church : Rev. James MacKinnon, M.A.  
United Free Church : Rev. Gilbert MacArthur.  
Baptist Church : Pastor D. MacArthur.

## BOWMORE—

Parish Church : Rev. Neil Ross, B.D.  
United Free Church : Rev. Roderick MacKenzie.  
Baptist Church : Pastor MacDonald.

## BRIDGEND—

Episcopal Church : Rev. John Muirhead.

## SKERROLS—

United Free Church : Mr. Donald MacKinnon.

## BALLYGRANT (KILMENY)—

Quoad Sacra Church : Rev. Kenneth Smith.  
The Cottage, Lossit : Rev. John Muirhead.

## KILCHOMAN—

Parish Church : Vacant.  
Branch at Port Charlotte (St. Kieran's) : Vacant.  
Port Charlotte U.F. Church : Rev. Charles Moncrieff Robertson.  
Port Charlotte U.F. : Gruineart Flats : Rev. Charles Moncrieff Robertson.

## PORTNAHAVEN—

Quoad Sacra Church : Rev. D. H. MacDonald.  
United Free Church : Mr. D. MacCrae.  
Free Church : Mr. A. MacCaskill.

# Circular Tour from Bowmore.

---

KYNAGARRY, GODFREY'S CASTLE,  
NOSEBRIDGE, THE MASSACRE OF MULINDRY.

---

Clean of officious fence or hedge,  
Half-wild and wholly tame,  
The wise turf cloaks the white cliff edge  
As when the Romans came.  
What sign of those that fought and died  
At shift of sword and sword?  
The barrow and the camp abide,  
The sunlight and the sward.

—Rudyard Kipling.

THE tourist who wishes to do the parish of Kilarrow should start from Bowmore *via* Cruach and Tallant. Making his way to *Srathdorcha*, he arrives at *Lower Kilinan*, and then a mile further up on the south side of Kilinan River, occupying an elevated position, is *Upper Kilinan*. These churches were dedicated to St. Enan, or Adamnan, Abbot of Iona from 679 to 704. He became the biographer of St. Columba.

Crossing the river, and walking northward for about half an hour, the tourist arrives at KYNAGARRY. Towards the close of the eighteenth century this town contained about one hundred inhabitants, and was an agricultural centre of considerable importance.

Tradition says Godfrey, of Godfrey's Castle, was a MacNeill. The name is still popular with the Clan Neill inIslay. Strange as it appears, tradition says that boats built at Kynagarry were carried to a corner of Lochindaal and launched there. Travelling onwards the visitor passes the farms of *Goirtean Mòr*, of *Cattadale*, of *Bàrr*, of *Storachdaig*, and of *Arighuary*—*Airigh Ghutharaidh*, Godfrey's Residence—near which

is *Dun Ghutharaidh*, Godfrey's Castle. This Dun is an immense structure whose very ruins reveal fortifications which betoken a clever strategist and an amazing defensive purpose. Mr. Graham, in his book on the "Carved Stones of Islay," says:—"It is situated on the northern outskirts of the chain of hills which separates the valleys of the Sorn and of the Laggan. The south side of the Dun is almost precipitous, and about a hundred feet from top to bottom. The top is a semi-circular area about one hundred feet by fifty-seven feet. On the north side of this plateau there are indications of a rectangular building twenty-six feet by eighteen feet. Round the hill, except on the north side, run three lines of defence, appearing partly as embankments and partly as trenches. In places the trenches are cut out of the rock. There are also remains of what may have been the guard houses, to the north and south of this fort. Rosquern is in the neighbourhood of Arighuary."

The tourist then comes to the highway and turning down the glen, passes the farms of *Sruathan Glas*, on the right, and a little further on is *Cluanach*. Here, by crossing a burn, he comes to a most interesting place, the farm of *Nosebridge*. The natives call it *Nomhasburgh*, written in a charter of 1545 *Nauisburgh*, which is apparently the Norse word *Hnausborg*, Turf Fort. It is similar in construction to Godfrey's Castle. Mr Graham describes it thus:—"The top of the hill has been cut away to form a level quadrilateral platform, ninety feet long by fifty feet wide. The longer sides run east and west, and the platform is protected by earthworks. The slope towards the river on the south side is so steep as to render artificial defences unnecessary, but on the other sides, the fort is strongly protected. On the west side there are four trenches, one above the other, with high earthworks between."

Descending *Leac an Daraich* one gets into the historical district of Mulindry. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, Mulindry and the Glen were studded with clachans and townlands, which formed a perfect beehive of swarming human life. The whole region of Kilarrow was a focus of traffic and activity.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century there was a great feud between Sir Lauchlan MacLean of Duart and Sir James MacDonald of Islay, regarding lands in the Rhinns of Islay. Gregory in his *History of the Western Isles*, says that in 1586, "MacLean came to Islay to receive performance of the promises made by MacDonald regarding the Rhinns of Islay; bringing with him his nephew, James MacDonald, one of the hostages, the other being left in the Castle of Dowart. MacLean took post at the ruinous fort of Elan Loch Gorme, in the Rhinns of Isla, and had not been long in this place when he had received an invitation from MacDonald to come to the latter's house at Mullintrea, which was more convenient and better stored with provisions than the fort of Loch Gorme. Such, however, was the distrust felt by MacLean of this invitation that it was only after solemn and repeated protestations that no hostility was meditated, that he was at length prevailed upon to comply with the request. MacLean accordingly went to Mullintrea, with eighty-six of his clan and servants in the month of July, 1586, and was sumptuously entertained on his arrival. In the meantime the MacDonalds, being secretly collected together to the number of three or four hundred men, surrounded the houses in which MacLean and his men were lodged and made them all prisoners, with the exception of two to whom they refused quarter. The house in which these two men were, was burned to the ground with its inmates." The historian relates that Allan MacLean of Mull, a relation of the Chief, caused a false report to be spread abroad that Ronald MacJames, the hostage left behind at Duart had been put to death, and Coll MacJames under the impression that his brother Ronald had really been executed, let loose his vengeance against the rest of the unfortunate prisoners. Two of these were executed every day, until at last Sir Lauchlan MacLean, himself, alone remained of all those who had been seized by the MacDonalds of Mullintrea; and MacLean's life was only saved by an accident that happened to Angus MacDonald as he was mounting his horse to witness the execution of his rival. The Long House of the MacDonalds stood on what is called

the farm of Mulindry, and not far from it is *Geadhail na Fola*, Field of the Blood. About the year 1827 a large distillery was built at Mulindry. There is now hardly a trace of it to be seen. Here was born Mr. Archibald Sinclair, *Primus*, a cherished name among Islaymen for his enthusiasm for his native isle, his zeal for his mother tongue and his work as one of the founders of An Comunn Ileach, The Islay Association.

Taking the road to Bridgend, one passes *Nereby* on the right; and *Gleann-dorcha*, Dark Vale, where at *Eaglais Bhogainn*, stands the mysterious greystone basin, which, if taken away one day, is sure to be back in its place the next day. Then comes the *Raw*, Ràth, where there are the remains of a very old fort.

On reaching the road that runs from Bridgend to Bowmore, if one directs his steps towards Bowmore, he sees at the wayside on the right traces of a small clachan called *Ceann na Tràghadh*, Head of the Strand. Further on, on the left, are *Springbank*, *Gartmain*, and *Gartloisk*. Very little is known of a chapel and probably a graveyard called *Cill a Bholg* on the farm of Gartmain. Up the heights on the left he sees the farms of *Càrnán*, and the two *Grobolls*; while on the right, at the roadside, he passes *Pennycraig* and *Gartnatra*. Coming to *Bunanuisg* and the Established Church manse and glebe, he arrives at Bowmore.







BRUICHLADDICH.

Telephone No. 2190 Bell.

Established 1877.

# John M'Caffer & Sons

Saddlers and Horse Collar Makers,

7 Parliamentary Road, Glasgow.

Keenest  
Prices  
quoted for  
New  
Harness  
of every  
description.



Repairs  
receive our  
Special  
Attention,  
and are  
returned  
without  
delay.

We have a Splendid Selection of Second-hand  
Cart, Gig, and Van Harness,  
Plough Neck Collars, and Back-Bands.  
Also—Large Selection of Military Surplus Stock.

## Bowmore to Laggan.

May dishonour blight our fame  
And quench our household fires  
When we or ours forget thy name,  
Green island of our sires.

ASCENDING the gentle acclivity leading from *Cnoc na Faire*, the Spy Hill of Bowmore, the tourist finds this round mound crowned by a battery belonging to the local volunteers. He then directs his steps to *Fern Cottage*, once the abode of a skilful anatomist, Dr. Robert Brash, who received the usual salary as surgeon from the Parliament of Islay. Afterwards it was a home of culture and refinement as the residence of Mrs. Peter Pattison and her talented family, two of whom—Thomas, who wrote "*The Gaelic Bards*," and his sister, Margaret—have won for themselves imperishable names in literature and music.

As he treks his way towards *Gartbreck* he passes Pattison's "Haunted Water of Dubh-thalamh," and passes the old church which was used before the Bowmore Church was built. The Rev. John Murdoch was the last minister who held service here. In 1805 the home rulers of Islay appointed Captain Neil MacNeill, Wester Ellister, and Major Hector MacNeill, Balimony, to engage a suitable person to maintain a small ferry-boat between Skiba, now Port-Charlotte, and Gartbreck, the charge for only one passenger to be one shilling, and a sixpence each when there was more than one passenger.

It was in 1813 that Paul Jones, the piratical 'Bloody Yankee,' sailed into Lochindaal on pillage bent. From the Rhinns side, MacAllister, miller at Ardnish, boarded the pirate's ship. From Gartbreck, Thomas Murdoch and Duncan MacNiven were received on board. The four of them were put in fetters for the night. Of a number of vessels in the harbour the pirate plundered seven and after that set them on fire. He then sent ashore his Islay visitors, and cleverly departed before the British gunboat arrived.

In this vicinity are many caves of interest, notably The Dark Cave, MacNicol's Cave, and The Dove's Cave. The Dark Cave, whose entrance is almost invisible, is of large size inside, and in connection with its mysterious recesses, and with its interminable passages leading to unspeakable places, weird stories used to be told of people who had the temerity to enter. MacNicol's Cave is a comfortable cave-dwelling. The Dove's Cave is a long, ledgy cleft at the corner of *Creag an Fhithich*, the Raven's Rock, to which large flocks of pigeons resort.

From this tableland one descends into the sunny environs of *Laggan House*. Laggan or *Laggan-lochan*, Hollow of the Lochs, is one of the historical spots of Islay. Here lived for years in affluence and honour a well-known county family, the MacKays, lineal descendants of MacKay of the Rhinns, the capable lieutenant of MacDonald of Islay. Hugh MacKay of Laggan had on lease extensive tracts of land including Bowmore, Duich, Torra, Gleneigadale, and Machrie. Some of these lands he sub-let to tenants, who lived on them in comfort and contentment. *Aodh an Lagain*, Hugh of Laggan, as he was fondly called, had two celebrated sons, one of them a major in the army, and the other a learned lawyer. The major was the last male representative of MacKay of the Rhinns. After him Captain Colin MacLean became tenant of Laggan and Duich. Here, too, Dr. Nigel MacNeill and Rev. John George MacNeill of Cawdor spent their early days, their father being a grieve to Captain MacLean, and the boys had to walk over seven miles daily each way while attending school at Grianan, Kintra, where under Mr. MacKay they learned the value of a classical education.

On a plateau near Laggan Farmhouse there was, until recent times, a sheet of fresh water of considerable size called *Lochan na Crannaig*, Loch of the Crannog; a crannog being an ancient lake-dwelling. Beside this loch lived the hero of Thomas Pattison's *Pious Labourer*. Some years ago a new tenant of Laggan turned, by drainage and tillage, this Loch of the Crannog into a fertile spot. Another loch on this farm is

appropriately called *Loch nan Corra-Ghriodhach*, Loch of the Herons. The tourist should now visit *Cnoc Eapraic* at the end of the Big Strand, where the lovely Laggan river flows into the sea.

Passing *Lag na Tarruinn*, Pool of the Drag Net, a favourite habitat of the salmon, he continues his journey for about a quarter of a mile up the river, and comes to the *Caibeal Chapel*, the ruins of which are to be seen on the right bank of the river. As the stream wears away the hillock on which the chapel stands a portion of the south wall of the chapel has already been carried away. The inside length of this sacred edifice is about twenty-five feet and its breadth ten feet. About four feet from the east end there are traces of an altar. There is a niche in the south wall, probably where the piscina was placed. In a small enclosure around the chapel there were several finely carved tombstones. There was one in particular with a figure of a soldier and sword. Until comparatively recent times this God's Acre was used as a graveyard. The *Tobhta*, Knoll, which is occupied by the chapel and small churchyard gave the name *an Tobhta* to the adjacent field. A little further up the river one comes to *Ath an dà Amhainn*, Ford of the Two Rivers, where the Laggan River joins the Duich. A few yards further on is *Ath Ghart an Rathphuill*, Ford of the Field of Fortpool. *Rath* means, in old Irish, a residence surrounded by an earthen rampart. Here lies between the river and the hill a fine tract of arable land at the upper end of which stood *Tigh-lagh Chillmacheallaich*. Law-house of the Chapel of Saint Ceallach, Abbot of Iona, who died in 815. Tradition says that in the days of the MacDonalds this was the highest court of appeal in the Isles. The place called the Judge's Cross is not more than a mile from this spot. Above this place, at the roadside outside the field called *an Tobhta*, was situated a group of houses called *na Tighean-fraoich*, Heather-houses. Curiously enough, a few modern houses, built beside *Loch na Crannaig*, about a quarter of a mile from the remains of this forgotten hamlet, are to this day called *na Tighean Fraoich*.

From this spot the return to Bowmore is made by way of *Lower Corrary*.

# Bowmore to Nave Island.

---

UISGENTUIE, KILNAVE, TRAIGH GRUINEART,  
ARDNAVE, NAVE ISLAND.

---

Come! where the heather bell,  
Child of the Highland dell,  
Breathes its coy fragrance o'er moorland and lea;  
Gaily the fountain sheen  
Leaps from the mountain green—  
Come to our Highland home blithesome and free.

The red grouse is scattering,  
Dews from her golden wing,  
Gemmed with the radiance that heralds the day;  
Peace in our Highland vales,  
Health in our Highland gales,  
Who would not hie to the moorlands away?

ON this excursion the tourist takes the road from Bowmore round the head of Lochindaal. Islay House is passed on the right in the wood of Lagbuie and Bluehouse at the roadside. Near Blackrock our road branches off to the right. Not far from here is a spot, Uisgentuie, by the side of a stream where from time immemorial people attending a funeral from Kilarrow or Kilmeny to Kilchoman Churchyard, sat down to take refreshments. The distance is about nine miles. So time-honoured has this custom become that Mr. Neil MacAlpine of the *Gaelic Dictionary* gave instructions before he died that the friends who should accompany his funeral from Kilmeny to Kilchoman Churchyard should observe this ancient custom on their arrival at Uisgentuie, the boundary between the two parishes.

The north road leads over a gentle incline to the flat moor which surrounds Loch Gruineart. Here to right

at Loch Gruineart Head is the Battlefield of Traigh Gruineart, described hereafter.

Near Gruineart Farm is a silent graveyard, nameless. Continuing our way we come to the ancient church and churchyard of Kilnave. The outside measurements of the church are thirty-two and a half feet long and seventeen feet broad. The door is at the west side. Traces of an altar may be seen at the east wall. At the west end of the church is an elaborately carved cross of great beauty. Although somewhat weather-worn, yet it is possible to decipher the detail and delicacy of the scroll at the top. There are a few other sculptured stones at Kilnave which are well worth seeing. It was here that the fleeing MacLeans were penned by the victorious and burned with the church.

On Kilnave Farm on the shore of the loch is *Tobar Nèill Neònaich*, the fateful spring which Sir Lauchlan MacLean was warned to avoid. Niall Neònach Macdubhee of Migirnes after whom this famous well is called, was a gentleman of great influence in Gruineart during the stirring times of Angus MacDonald of Islay, father of Sir James MacDonald.

The road north from Kilnave leads past Glen Tayvullin, which should be remembered as the birthplace of John MacLiver, father of Lord Clyde. The forefathers of the celebrated Gaelic scholar, Neil MacAlpine, belonged to Kilnave. Until quite recent times MacDonald of Breacachadh, a lineal descendant of the Lords of the Isles and a distinguished scholar of one of the universities of England, was tenant of Breacachadh and of Ardnave, where he resided. Nearly two miles from *Ardnave Farm*, the tourist comes to Ardnave Point, and here a narrow channel, less than half a mile broad, separates Nave Island from the mainland. Adamnan names it *Elena Insula* and states that at the head of the monastery here was *Lugneus Moccumin*. The lands of Ardnave belonged to the chapel on this island which was dependent upon Iona. Probably the presbyter abbots of the early Celtic church had a residence at Balinaby, about five miles from Ardnave.

The church on Nave Island is in a very dilapidated condition. Such secular uses as the erection of a

furnace, with a tall chimney for the burning of kelp inside the chapel have very much disfigured it.

Sir John Sinclair in the *New Statistical Account* published in 1844 says, "To Nave Island Church was attached a very extensive burying ground. The grave-stones are made of clay slate handsomely formed, many of them beautifully cut, and several with figures in relief. These mark the resting-place of persons of some note in their day, but of whom no other memorial is known."

It may be that those who desecrated the chapel to secular uses hid or destroyed those tomb stones. Certainly not a vestige of them remains in or around the chapel.

Donald Balloch, a brilliant soldier chieftain of Islay, who, with his gallant Highlanders, defeated with great slaughter the royal troops under the Earls of Caithness and of Mar on the famous battlefield of Inverlochy, in 1431, and who married a daughter of the Clan Nèill, died, in 1480 on Nave Island, at Loch Gruineart, where his ancestors had a residence. Donald of Harlaw, who fought at the battle of Harlaw against the King's forces in 1411, had also a house at Kilchoman. He was the McDomhnaill of the Gaelic Charter of 1408. He died in 1425 at his castle of Ardtornish.





# Bowmore to Kilchoman and Kilchiaran.

---

SUNDERLAND, ROCKSIDE, COUL,  
KILCHOMAN, KILCHIARAN.

---

Now, lay thine ear against this golden sand,  
And thou shalt hear the music of the sea,  
Those hollow tunes it plays against the land—  
Is't not a rich and wondrous melody?  
I have lain hours, and fancied in its tone  
I heard the language of ages gone. —Hood.

LEAVING Bowmore and taking the road which leads to *Machrie*, one passes *Sunderland*, *Rockside*, and beyond it *Easter Coul* and *Coul*. It was at Coul that the ornamented sword handles known as 'Islay Hilts' were invented and manufactured by a celebrated smith named MacEachern. Sword blades with Islay handles were considered the finest and most effective weapons all over the Highlands. Passing the once thriving but now almost deserted hamlet of Machrie, with its stately old meal mill, the tourist ascends the brae to Kilchoman Church and churchyard. In 1535 James V. presented Mr. Roderick Farquhar MacEachern to three churches in Islay of which Kilchoman was one. The manse and church are comparatively modern buildings, being erected in 1825 and 1826. The MacDonalds of the Isles had in remote times a palatial residence on the site which is now occupied by the manse and garden. The remains of Sir Lauchlan MacLean who was killed at the battle of Loch Gruineart, were interred in the old church of Kilchoman, but, by an odd change in the site of the new church, his tombstone is now outside at the south-east corner. It is curious that the stone which marks the Grave of Sir Lauchlan bears the effigy of a priest. It must originally have covered the resting-place of an ecclesiastic. In this churchyard there are many most interesting specimens of crosses and of carved stones.

Mr. R. C. Graham, who gives in his *Carved Stones of Islay*, a beautiful plate of the exquisitely handsome standing cross in this churchyard describes it thus:—  
 “This beautiful cross measures eight feet four inches in height, and with the exception of the inscription it is in a very perfect state of preservation, though the design is in places obscured by lichen. An illustration of it appears in Dr. Stuart’s *Sculptured Stones of Scotland*. Beginning with the east face we find on the circular head a representation of the crucifixion. The upper part of the cross head is filled with plaited scroll-work, in each of the arms is the figure of an angel, while to the right and left of the crucified Saviour are four figures in the attitude of adoration. The upper figure on the right is winged, and below it is a fragment of scroll-work like that at the top. Below this group and at the top of the shaft are two figures in a niche, and these have probably some connection with the inscription immediately below them. The same arrangement of niche and lettering is to be seen on the Campbeltown Cross, with which this has many points of similarity. Below the inscription there is foliated scroll-work surmounting another niche which contains a mounted figure, and below that again there is a panel of simple but effective interlaced bands.”

Twenty-three different bands can be traced in the mazy elaboration of scroll-work on the west face of this most interesting stone.

At the south-west corner of the churchyard are the two fragments of a cross which is one of the most beautiful in Islay. Graham refers to it as follows:—  
 “The right arm of the cross is lost, and there is a small piece missing where the shaft is broken across. On the obverse is a crucified figure of great dignity, foliated scroll-work surrounds it closely, fitting the circular head of the cross and its arms. The stems of the scroll-work occupy the whole length of the shaft, and spring from the tails of two animals at the base. One of these has a cat-like face; the head of the other is much mutilated. Between the hind legs of these creatures is a small and grotesque human mask. The head of the cross on the reverse is filled with very rich scroll-work. At the base are two quadrupeds, one



NO. 117. PORT-CHARLOTTE, ISLAY, FROM THE SHORE.

RHINNS HOTEL,  
PORTNAHAVEN, ISLAY.

---

MOTOR HIRING.

---

THOS. McKINNON, Proprietor.

---

DONALD MACTAGGART,  
— Tailor, Clothier, —  
Merchant and Cycle Agent,  
MAIN STREET, PORT CHARLOTTE,  
ISLAY.

---

MRS. D. MCPHEE,  
General Merchant,  
MAIN STREET, PORT CHARLOTTE,  
ISLAY.

---

L. McLachlan, <sup>Tailor and Merchant,</sup>  
BRUICHLADDICH, ISLAY.

□ □ □

Ready-Mades, Underclothing, Boots, Oilskins, etc.  
Stationery. Cycle Accessories.  
Gent.'s Own Cloth Made up at Moderate Charges.

holding a bell in one hand and a rod in the other. This bell is of the shape of the early Irish altar bells, or of the ordinary cow-bell still used in Switzerland. This animal and its attributes are almost identically reproduced on the Campbeltown cross, as may be seen by anyone who looks at the cast in the National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh. Not only are there marked similarities between the Kilchoman cross and the great cross at Campbeltown, but Dean Howson, describing the latter about 1842, states on the authority of Campbell of Islay that it was taken from this island."

Authorities ascribe the date 1500 to this and the Campbeltown cross.

In this churchyard there has been placed, by his countrymen, a suitable stone over the grave of Mr. Neil MacAlpine, the Gaelic lexicographer, who died at Kilmeny, 14th December, 1864.

Many beautiful stones of the greatest antiquarian interest have been defaced by later inscriptions; notably one very fine stone which bears the representation of a sword. Although a very ancient stone, some of its delicate carving has been obliterated to make room for the initials and armourial bearings of some seventeenth century vandal.

By walking a mile along the charming beach of Machrie Bay, with *Crosprig* lying to the east and another mile on the seaboard one reaches Kilchiaran Bay, one of the loveliest spots in the island. Near the south end of Machrie Bay is *Dùn Chroisprig*, and in the same neighbourhood there are traces of a few more duns such as *Dùn Midheir*. By a careful examination of the adjacent hills one discovers that there had been at a remote period groups of hill forts guarding the chief sea passes into the island, such as the bays of Kilchiaran; of Kilchoman; of Loch Gruineart; of Port Askaig; of Aros, between Trudernish and the Point of Ardmenoch; of Lagavulin; of Port Ellen; of Killean; of Laggan; of Traigh Langa; of Nerabus, etc. Traces of from 70 to 80 of them can be seen in Islay. Other fortifications in the island belong to a later period.

There are extensive slate quarries at Kilchiaran. At the south-east corner of the sunny bay of Kilchiaran, and on an eminence clothed with verdure, stands the

roofless chapel of Kilchiaran, Church of Ciaran, who was a contemporary of Columba. Ciaran was a man of marked piety and learning, and made so deep an impression on the public mind that his name is commemorated in nine or ten places in Scotland; places as far apart as Ayrshire; Barvas, Lewis; and Caithness. He died at the age of 33, in 548, and was likened to Christ, both on account of his age and that his father was a carpenter like Joseph, *Ceile Muire*, husband of Mary. A very substantial font stood in the north-east corner of the church. Tradition says that when this font had once been removed to Nerabus, the people there had neither peace of mind nor health of body until it had been returned to its former nook in Kilchiaran Chapel. Not only so, but many horses were required to drag it laboriously across the intervening hill on its outward journey, but an old mare ambled easily up the brae with it on its return to Kilchiaran, and home.

At Kilchiaran there is a finely carved stone bearing the representation of an ecclesiastic. The delicate carving of the hair, ears, and embroidered collar, show that the figure must have been elaborately finished. Several stones have representations of swords surrounded by ornamental scroll-work. To the west of the church there is a cupped stone with twenty-one cup marks, two of which pierce through the stone.

Near the church the foundations of old buildings can be seen.

From Kilchiaran a mountain road runs along the shore to Portnahaven. On the steep incline stands an overhanging rock of great height named *Creag Bhealach na Cailleiche*, Rock of the Pass of the Old Woman. Viewed from a certain point it presents a particularly striking likeness to the face of an old woman, especially when silhouetted against the sky. This old lady wears her spectacles and looks intently towards the sea which is quite near her. Hence the saying—*Tha cailleach an Cille-chiaran 's cha 'n fhac i riamh an fhairge*—this is, There's an old woman at Kilchiaran who never saw the sea.

From Kilchiaran the tourist may return to Bridgend or Bowmore by Port Charlotte and Bruichladdich.

# Bowmore to Loch Gorm and the Sanaig Rocks.

---

SUNDERLAND, LOCH GORM, BALINABY,  
SALIGO, SMAUL, BRAIGO AND SANAIG.

---

O to dream, O to awake and wander  
There, and with delight to take and render  
Through the trance of silence  
Quiet breath;  
Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses,  
Only the mightier movement sound and passes;  
Only winds and rivers,  
Life and Death.

*In the Highlands.*

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

THE tourist setting out from Bowmore or Bridgend begins this excursion at *Bealach-dearg*, Red Pass, and passes *Tighcruinn*, Roundhouse; *Tigh na Coille*, House of the Wood, and Sunderland. Sunderland House was built by Captain Walter Campbell in 1821, after he had retired from the East India Company's service. He reclaimed vast tracts of land and beautified his estate with extensive plantations. In less than twenty years he more than trebled the value of his property. When trenching for agricultural purposes in 1848, gold ornaments of curious forms and stone coffins were found in the district. A laird of Sunderland entertained Pennant in 1772.

A little beyond Sunderland on the right is *Aruadh*, and here we turn to the road which traverses the east side of Loch Gorm. This beautiful loch forms part of the boundary between the estates of Sunderland and Balinaby, and covers six hundred acres of land, and is from five to seven feet deep. Its blue waters, remind-



ing the travelled visitor of an Italian lake, abound with strong healthy trout.

On an island in this loch stood once a massive square castle, with a round tower at each corner. In the sixteenth century it was a stronghold dread enough to cause despair to anyone who, from the margin of the loch, counted its towers and marked its bulwarks. In 1615 Sir James MacDonald strengthened the fortifications of the island of Loch Gorm by covering them with a belt of earth works of great thickness at which one hundred and twenty Islaymen laboured. But towards the end of 1615, the Earl of Argyll, Sir John Campbell of Calder, Sir James MacDonald's brother-in-law, and Sir Oliver Lambert, Commander of the King's forces, empowered by the Privy Council to take possession of Islay, and having with them His Majesty's ships, the *Phoenix*, the *Moon*, the *Bran*, a hoy to carry the ordnance and a barque with provisions, landed with cannon and troops in Islay, and attacked and captured the castles of Dun Naomhaig (Dunyvaig) and Loch Gorm. In this unequal struggle brave and accomplished Sir James MacDonald was deprived of the ancient inheritance of his fathers.

North of Loch Gorm is Balinaby, Townland of the Abbot. Who the abbot was, whether he belonged to the Columban or Roman Catholic period, is now unknowable. But we know that the famous physicians the MacBeaths, *i.e.*, Lifesons, latinised Beaton, held lands in Islay, hereditarily, from MacDonald from beyond memory of man.

Apart from many privileges which belonged to his office, the Chief Physician of the Isles possessed the lands of "Ballenabe, Areset, Howe and Saligo" in Islay. Fergus MacBeath obtained from King James VI. a crown charter in 1609 which confirmed him in his office, and in the lands and perquisites pertaining to it. When the ancient house of Islay fell, and the house of Calder got possession of Islay, Fergus MacBeath, *Ant-Ollamh Ileach*, was holder of this office. Fergus, who was the last Physician of the Isles, died in 1628. John, his son, who succeeded to the lands, sold them to Lrd Lorne in 1629.



Howe and Saligo are included in Balinaby, but Aresset, now Eresaid, a farming district, are included in the Islay estate.

The mansion house of Balinaby is probably built on the original land of Howe.

On a mound quite near Balinaby house there stands a remarkably fine obelisk. This unsculptured monolith is about twenty-two feet above the surface of the hillock. About the year 1800, Captain Burgess of the warship *Savage* dug up a portion of this sand knoll and found two swords, a pikehead, and many human bones. Since then there have been some interesting finds discovered on Balinaby estate. In 1878, the late Mr. William Campbell of Balinaby discovered two Viking graves on his estate. One of these contained two axes, an adze, a hammer, a forge-tongs, an iron sword in sheath, an iron boss of a shield with bronze handle, an iron spear head, and the bow handle of an iron pot. In the second grave were found a pair of bowl-shaped brooches, beautifully ornamented with silver wire and their pins, silver hairpins, silver chain of plated wire, a fine lump of glass used for smoothing linen and several other interesting relics.

South-west of Balinaby is Saligo, Seal Bay, situated not far from the bay of the same name. Seals are frequently seen in this bay, and indeed in all the adjacent bays on this coast.

Tradition says that Calum-cille one day saw a man fishing in the river of Saligo, and asked him to give him the first fish he caught. In a short time the man hooked a salmon, but greed made him keep it for himself. He again cast his line and baited hook in the river and forthwith landed another salmon, which he also put into his own basket. Having now put a fresh worm on his hook he threw it a third time into the stream and in a minute or two pulled up a frog which he offered to the saint. "Henceforth," says Columba, "let there be no salmon in this brook." In Gaelic: "*Aghaidh gach bradan a mach 's gun gin idir a stigh*" The story goes that ever since no salmon has been caught in this river.

Saligo Bay is the famous loud-roaring *Tràigh Flèisgein*, hence the saying, "*Cluinnear air a' chalbh Mhuileach fuaim tuinne Thràigh Flèisgein*," "The roar of the wave on Fleisgein shore is heard on the calf of Mull."

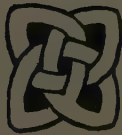
On the shore, a little to the north of Saligo Bay, is Smaul. Dr. N. MacNeill, in his *Guide to Islay*, states that "in various parts of the neighbourhood of *Dun Beòlain* at Smaul are small holes formed in the ground large enough to hold a man in a sitting posture. The top is covered with a large stone and that with earth. In these dens fugitives took shelter after a defeat, and drawing the sods together found a temporary concealment." This is Beolan's Dun. Beolan was a very common name in Norse times both in Scotland and Ireland.

The road which runs from Saligo past Balinaby and turns northwards passes Braigo. A little beyond Braigo there are traces of an old burying-place, *Cill Ronain*, Chapel of St. Ronan, a famous missionary of the early Celtic Church. His oratory is still in existence in the island of Rona, about forty miles to the north of the Butt of Lewis. On this lonely isle of the ocean Ronan died in 737. Port Ronan and St. Ronan's Well in Iona also commemorate the name of this brave and zealous missionary.

Continuing our way north from Braigo, we reach the sea at Sanaig. In 1844 the late Rev. Alexander Cameron, Kilchoman, wrote:—"At Sanaig, on the north-west coast, the clay slate is seen to alternate with fine-grained greywacke slate in a bed of upwards of a hundred feet in depth, and over this is placed a thick strata of quartz rock. Here a series of cliffs nearly perpendicular occurs, extending a distance of about two miles. It is full of deep fissures and caverns which afford every facility for obtaining a satisfactory view of the stratification." The scenery here is something indescribably grand. The mighty waves of the Atlantic perpetually dashing against the bold inaccessible rocks of Sanaig leave an indelible impression on one's memory. Dr. Nigel MacNeill in his *Guide* says:—"Sanaig Cave is worthy of notice. The entrance to

it is difficult. It is divided into numbers of far-winding passages, sometimes opening into fine expanses, again closing for a long space into galleries passable but with difficulty : a perfect subterranean labyrinth. The most remarkable peculiarity connected with this cave is its reverberation. By the discharge of a single gun a stranger would suppose that a royal salute had been fired."

The *Exmouth*, an emigrant ship, went ashore on these treacherous rocks and became a total wreck. Out of about two hundred and fifty on board, three survived.



# Bowmore to Portnahaven.

---

BRUICHLADDICH, PORT CHARLOTTE,  
NERABUS, PORTNAHAVEN, PORT WEMYSS.

---

From the dim sheiling on the misty island  
Mountains divide us and a world of seas ;  
But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

FROM Bowmore the road to Portnahaven stretches round the head of Lochindaal, past the Bridgend road-end and keeps to the shore most of the distance. The first place of interest is *Tràigh-langa*, situated at a point where the Kilchoman Road leaves the shore—a name which signifies Shore of the Ships. Pennant refers to this spot as follows:—"At Tralaig, on a heathy eminence that faces the sands, are three deep hollows, their insides lined with stones; these have been the watch-towers of the natives to attend the motions of any invaders from the sea. Observe near these a great column of rude stone. Pass by two deep channels at present dry: these had been the harbour of the great MacDonald; had once been piers with doors to secure his shipping; a great iron hook, one of the hinges having lately been found there."

*Conisby*, the name of the farm on the right, is from the Norse and means Lord's Town, Kingstown. King Godred Crovan who died in Islay in 1095 probably had a residence at Conisby.

Between Conisby and Bruichladdich there is at the roadside, a burying-ground the local name of which is *Cladh Dhumhan*, which probably signifies Churchyard of the Tumuli. There is here also a well named *Tobar Cladh Dhumhain*, Well of the Churchyard of the Mounds. These mounds, being made of earth, have



PORTNAHAVEN.

*Photo by Archd. Cameron, Bowmore.*

# Thomson, Skinner & Hamilton, 137 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

Large  
and  
Well-assorted  
Stock



of all  
Scientific  
Appliances  
and Pure  
Chemicals

for use in  
SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND WORKS' LABORATORIES.

**ESTIMATES FREE.**

Tel. Address—"Argand," Glasgow.

Tel. No.—Douglas 3521.

## RABBITS and GAME

SEND YOUR CONSIGNMENTS TO

ANDREW HAILSTONES,  
FISHMARKET, GLASGOW.

Best Market Prices Obtained.

*Hampers and Address Cards on Application.*

Telegrams:  
"Hailstones, Glasgow."

Telephone:  
Bell 663.

in places disappeared. It is quite likely that in the same locality there was a church, although no remains of it can be traced. Passing *Gartacharra* on the right we enter Bruichladdich.

Bruichladdich is a thriving town with many fine residences. The chief industry here as in all the towns of Islay is distilling.

Continuing by the shore we see on the right *Octomore*, and beyond it the U.F. Church and churchyard. On the opposite side from the manse the lighthouse of Port Charlotte stands out a conspicuous object.

"Port Charlotte," Dr. MacNeill says, "was called after the famous Lady Charlotte, the mother of W. F. Campbell of Islay, and one of the beauties of the court of George IV. Lady Charlotte, by the way, inherited a full measure of the beautiful Gunning, who was married in succession to two Dukes, and she transmitted to her own children and grand-children as much as to have them all conspicuous for their grace and beauty." This village was projected in 1828. Formerly there was a cluster of houses along that ridge of rock on which a wing of Port Charlotte is built. The original harbour was called *Sgiba*, probably meaning Ship's Crew. From *Sgiba* people used to be ferried across Lochindaal to *Fionaphort*, White Port, at Croach.

Port Charlotte has the unique distinction of being the Highland home of three outstanding natives. Rev. Dugald Clark, B.D., J.P., the genial minister of Springburn Parish, a worthy successor in the great line of gifted Gaelic and English preachers which included Rev. Dr. Robert Blair, and Dr. Norman MacLeod, and one whose name is a household word among Highlanders; the rev. gentleman is one of the trustees of the American Red Cross Fund administered by Islay Association for the upkeep of American graves in the island; Mr. John MacTaggart who has guided wisely and well the destinies of *An Comunn Ileach*, Glasgow Islay Association, for the past sixteen years; and Mr. Archd. N. Currie, B.Sc., F.C.S., F.S.A. (Scot.), a young and talented native whose scientific research work as Bio-Chemist of the Royal Cancer Hospital,

Glasgow, has earned for him a high reputation, while his literary activities have marked him off as a profound Gaelic scholar and bard. His "Hebrid Echoes" were published some years ago.

Nearly halfway between Port Charlotte and Portnahaven we come to Nerabus or Nerabolls, where there is an ancient churchyard, situated between the road and the shore. It contains some very fine sculptured stones, and consists of three adjoining burying-grounds.

Beginning with the graveyard furthest north we find the fragments of a cross bearing in very high relief the head, arms and shoulders of a crucified figure with a crown of thorns on the head. The shaft of a cross, presumably belonging to the foregoing, represents a bishop dressed in an alb and chasuble and mitre, his right hand raised in benediction and his left holding his staff of office. On the back of this shaft there is at the foot "an interesting little figure of a mounted soldier, his lance, reins, and a good deal of detail can still be traced."

In this graveyard there are several sculptured stones, in that which adjoins it on the south there is one, and in the western enclosure six. They represent the usual designs to be found in Islay graveyards, swords, oak leaves, galleys, and in many cases, perfectly executed scroll-work.

Crossing *Nerabus Bridge* we pass *Ardnish* and *Portuig*, and see on the roadside perched on an elevated site the farmhouse of *Octofad*, which of all the houses in the Rhinns commands the grandest view of "ship-sailing Lochindaal" in all its changing moods and diverse colours. From *Octofad* the road descends with *Glen Mackay* on the left. If one desires to botanize, he should explore this glen, where it is said he could gather about thirty different species of fern.

On the right we pass *Easter Ellister*. On the shore below *Ellister House* is an interesting cave. Passing through *Leth Ghleann*, we reach the fishing town of Portnahaven.

The slate-roofed cottages of Portnahaven form themselves into a semi-circle round the head of a bay which is protected from the fury of the gigantic waves



of the Atlantic by the islands of Orsay and MacKenzie, scarcely a quarter of a mile from the mainland. At certain states of the tide the current which runs northward for about eleven hours in the channel which separates these islands from the Point of Rhinns is very rapid. Between the head of the harbour of Portnahaven and the Post Office there is a mineral well which medicinally is of great benefit to the inhabitants.

Portnahaven is a thriving village, having several shops, a post office carried on by Mrs. Ferguson, Merchant, a fine public school taught enthusiastically and well by Mr. Hugh MacDougall, M.A., and a well-appointed hotel owned and managed by a good Rhinnsman, Mr. Charles MacKinnon. We regret to note the recent death of one of Portnahaven's much respected merchants, Mr. Archibald MacAulay, Baker. No finer type of *Ileach* could be met on a day's journey—he extended an open door, a kindly welcome and Highland hospitality to strangers and friends from all parts and the entire community will long miss its “*Baker Mòr*” of happy and fragrant memory.

Portnahaven was the scene of the labours of the late Mr. MacGillivray, preacher and schoolmaster of the Free Church. His gifted son, Mr Duncan MacGillivray, Rector of Hillhead High School, who spent his early days in Islay, is recognised as one of the foremost educationalists of to-day. In this village, too, was born Mr. David Lowe MacIntyre, now in the First Division, Civil Service, London, who gained the V.C. in 1918 while serving as an officer in the 6th H.L.I.

The magnificent panorama of seascape combined with an exquisite natural situation have made the Rhinns district of Islay the paradise of picnic parties. From all parts of the island they come, the favourite spots visited being Island Orsay on which the far-famed Lighthouse is built, and which is open for inspection in forenoon and early afternoon, or the sister island, Eilean Mhic Coinnich (Mackenzie Island). On Isle Orsay, the old ruined church and the grave of the illustrious chief, MacKay of the Rhinns, are of more than ordinary interest. Claddach, The Shingle Beach, Cladville and Lossit Bay are likewise favourite haunts

within easy range of Portnahaven village and the Beinneag with its local War Memorial is situate between the two villages. Claddach is about one mile distant, Cladville two miles, and Lossit Bay four miles from Portnahaven.

On the island of Orsay there are the ruins of a church. It is about 65 feet long and 12 feet broad. The door is on the south side. The building is enclosed, and at the north-east corner of the enclosure there is a rudely-built tomb called in Gaelic, *Tung Mhic Aoidh na Ranna*, Enclosed Tomb of MacKay of the Rhinns. He was MacDonald's lieutenant of this district of Islay, and was an old chief of great wisdom. Indeed MacKay was known as 'The Islay Seer.' Before the Commissioners of the Northern Lights erected in 1824 the lighthouse on Isle Orsay, the MacNeills of Wester and Easter Ellister farms had Orsay as a grazing ground. They used to swim their cattle across from the mainland to the island. A story goes that an attempt was once made to turn the enclosure, in which the Seer's vault was placed, into a lambfold. But a faithful brownie, with a sword in hand, appeared and struck off the heads of all the lambs, repeating at the same time the words, "*Rinn iad crò uan de 'n leaba-shuain a bh' aig mo ghaol*," They made a lambfold of the sleeping bed of my love. The literalists maintain that the following prophecy of the Islay Seer has been fulfilled: "*Tha 'n t-àm a' tighinn anns am bi seisreach aig gach beadan, tigh geal air gob gach rudha, muc an dorus gach tighe, agus an Roinn air fad fo Chloinn Nèill*" — The time is coming when every petty man will have two plough-horses, when there will be a white house on the point of every promontory, a pig at every door, and the whole of the Rhinns in the possession of the MacNeills! If one had lived in those good old times he might have well exclaimed, "*Nam b' Eileineach mi gu 'm b' Ileach mi, 's nam b' Ileach mi, gu 'm bu Rannach mi*" — Were I an islander I should be an Islayman, and were I an Islayman I should be a Rhinnsman!

In 1615 Sir James MacDonald, chief of Islay, made a final attempt to recover the ancient possessions of his family. He crossed from Rathlin Island to Islay,

and landing at Portnahaven harbour near the *Beinneag*, collected his scattered followers to the number of five hundred men, encamped with them at *Creag a Gheoidh* opposite the island of Orsay, and in a position to have the Mull of Oa in sight. The Earl of Argyll had the King's troops stationed at the head of the harbour of Leodamas (Port Ellen) or Kilnaughton Bay, and his warships at anchor in the harbour. Two of them were ships of war from England under Captains Wood and Monk. He had besides a hoy which carried a battering train. Argyll issued orders to Sir John Campbell of Cawdor, to Captain Boswell, and to the other officers under cover of night to move out of the bay with a force of a thousand men and proceed by the Mull of Oa to the Rhinns, either to surprise Sir James in his camp or to capture his vessels. The men of Oa, however, by means of beacon-fires on the Mull of Oa, warned Sir James of the intended attack in good time to enable him to make his escape to Ireland. But his principal men of the Rhinns besought him to remain, promising that they would die at his feet in defence of him.

About a quarter of a mile from Portnahaven, at the firchside quite opposite the lighthouse on Isle Orsay, lies the village of Port Wemyss. Like Portnahaven, it is a good-sized village engaged partly in fishing and partly in agriculture. Many captains and chief engineers of ocean liners, as they plough their way up and down the seven seas, recall with affection the memories of the Rhinns of Islay and cherish these quiet villages as their homes.

# Bowmore or Bridgend to Ballygrant and Port Askaig.

---

EALLABUS, SKERROLS, LOCH FINLAGGAN,  
KEILLS.

---

Let the blow fall soon or late,  
Let what will be o'er me ;  
Give the face of earth around  
And the road before me.  
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me ;  
All I seek, the heaven above  
And the road below me.

*The Vagabond.*

*R. L. Stevenson.*

A WELL made road runs from Bowmore through Bridgend to Port-Askaig. Leaving Bridgend the tourist passes on the left *Eallabus* on which stands the Islay Estate Offices and the Factor's House. *Eallabus* House was the birthplace of Dr. John Crawford who accompanied Lord Minto in 1811 on an expedition which resulted in the conquest of Java, where he filled several civil and political posts. He published a *History of the Indian Archipelago*, in three volumes in 1820. He also wrote a *Grammar and Dictionary of the Malay Language*. Here also was born the distinguished surgeon, the late Professor Chiene, M.D., of Edinburgh. This was in 1843, and Mr. Chiene the factor, and his wife adhering to the Free Church, their baby was baptized by the Rev. James Pearson in a barn at Skerrols.

Proceeding, we see on the right, at a good distance, the farms of *Dluich* and *Kilbrannan*. The latter is named after St. Brendan, Columba's father's brother,

and the father of two of Columba's successors. He it was who made the famous seven years voyage. On the farm of *Dail*, which adjoins Kilbrannan, there is an oval-shaped hill fort about sixty feet long and fifty wide. It is called *Dun Bhruchlain*. It seems this should be *Dun Brolchain*. Donald O'Brolchan was Abbot of Iona in 1150, and Sir John O'Brolchan was Rector of Kildalton in 1548. There is a legend to the effect that the old Inhabitants often saw at night a phantom army whose swords and armour glittered in the moonshine. Near it is *Buaile a' Chath*, Cowpen of the Battle. Until the beginning of the nineteenth century Dun Brolchain was used as a burial-ground for unbaptized children. The remains of the chapel of Brannan may be traced among a huge mass of ruins.

Further up the heights by the way of *Cachla Mhòr Ardachaidh* on the road to Ballygrant lies *Knockleir-each* for *Cnoc Cléireach*, Hill of the Clerics. There is a local tradition that on this hill two clergymen were hanged, and that the day on which their execution took place was unusually stormy. Hence the byword in Islay when a day is uncommonly wild:—*Is measa an latha 'n duigh 'n an latha a chrochadh na cléirich*, This day is worse than the day on which the clerics were hanged. At Knockleireach are two monoliths named *Na Cléirich*, The Clerics, and under these, it is said, that the two clerics were buried. Resuming our journey by *Newton* and the *Red-houses*, we pass, on the right side of the road, Skerrols United Free Church and Manse; and occupying a crest of a hill above them is the farmhouse of *Skerrols*. A burn flows through the farm lands of Steinsha to Loch Finlaggan and Lochindaal, and another rivulet flows from Loch Steinsha into the Sound of Islay. Hence comes the saying—*Tha am breac a' roinn Ila*, The trout divides Islay.

Proceeding on our way towards the north, we pass on the right *Eskinish* and *Tirvagain*, and come to *Imraconard*. Here the MacDonalds exercised their men at military drill, particularly at archery. *Keppolsmore* and *Keppols Farms* stretch away from the road to the left. On these farms were reared hardy and capable men and women who, in other parts of the world,

were an honour to their native land. Keppols was the birthplace of the Rev. Dr. Donald Fletcher, Hamilton, Canada, and of his brother Rev. Colin Fletcher, also in Canada.

We are now in Kilmeny, and near the road on the right hand are the ruins of the humble abode of Neil MacAlpine, the Gaelic Lexicographer, a new edition of whose dictionary was issued in May, 1911. Further on, near Ballygrant, may be seen the home of Hector MacLean, linguist and archæologist. Proceeding we pass the Parish Church and Manse of Kilmeny on the left, and enter the pleasantly situated town of Ballygrant.

Ballygrant is a quiet little town situated on the main road between Port Ellen and Port Askaig. There is an hotel, a post office, and several shops. It lies amid very pleasant surroundings, and is the most inland town in the island of Islay.

Mr. Duncan Campbell, "Ileach," London—"the guide, philosopher and friend" of the young Islay engineer with ambitions, is the most outstanding of Islaymen connected with Ballygrant. He was closely identified with the institution of the local War Memorial, and is a generous supporter of "An Comunn Ileach." For many years he was Accountant of the British India Steam Navigation Company, from which service he has now retired. His son-in-law is Dr. Macintyre, London, a brother of Miss Macintyre of Bridgend Hotel, and of Captain Macintyre of Argyll Education Authority.

About a mile west of Ballygrant are the church and churchyard of Kilmeny. Only the western gable of the old church remains. The churchyard contains three sculptured stones. Two of these have been regarded, from the absence of any indication of armour, to have marked the graves of some of the ladies of the house of the Lord of the Isles. The third stone lies between them. A sword occupies the upper part of the stone, and a beautifully carved dragon, the lower. The headless shaft of a cross stands near the church.

On a height about two miles from Ballygrant is the ruined hill fort of *Dun Bhorairraig* or *Dunlossit*. This





# Henderson's Highland Bagpipes

For Half-a-Century have been famed for  
Expert Workmanship and Perfect Tone



**Highland  
Costumes  
for  
Evening  
and  
Morning  
Wear:**

Doublets  
Kilts  
Plaids  
Hose and  
Hosetops  
Garter  
Flashes  
Belts  
Brooches  
Sporrans  
Dirks  
Skean Dhu  
Glengarries  
Clan Badges  
Claymores



**Bagpipe  
Accessories:**

Practice  
Chanters  
Bags  
Covers  
Cords and  
Tassels  
Tartan  
Ribbons  
Chanter  
Reeds  
Drone Reeds



**Repairs  
Executed**



**Music**  
Henderson's  
Logan's  
and Glen's  
Collections  
and  
all other  
Collections  
in stock



**PETER HENDERSON**  
24 RENFREW STREET, GLASGOW

Telegraphic Address "Bagpipes." Glasgow

Telephone—Douglas 3021



fort was splendidly situated for strategic purposes—an important feature in warlike times. It commands a wide prospect including the sound of Islay, Lochindaal, the Oa, and the Rhinns of Islay. In view of its present dilapidation the following description given by Pennant is interesting :—

“ On the summit is a Danish fort, of a circular form, at present about fourteen feet high, formed of excellent masonry but without mortar; the walls are twelve feet thick, and within their very thickness is a gallery extending all round. The entrance is low, covered at the top with a great flat stone, and on each side is a hollow, probably intended for guard-rooms; the inside of the fort is a circular area of 52 feet diameter, with a stone seat running all round the bottom of the wall, about two feet high. On the outside of the fort is another work under which is the vestige of a subterranean passage conducting into it, a sort of sally port.”

Scarcely one of the features referred to above can be traced without difficulty. A circle of stone and some fragments of a wall are all that remain after the lapse of one hundred and forty years. We can form but a vague conception of what this magnificent stronghold must have been, in its strength, one thousand years ago.

Continuing onwards along the highway we find a road branching off to the left. It winds round past a deserted lead mine, once a busy hive of industry, to Finlaggan Farm at the head of Loch Finlaggan.

LOCH FINLAGGAN is one of the most interesting spots in Islay. At its northern end is an isthmus, once an island, which contains the ruins of what was the principal stronghold of the MacDonalds when they held regal sway over the Western Isles, and met the neighbouring King of Scotland on equal terms. Very little of the fortress has survived the tooth of Time; still it is possible to trace the outlines of its main features. Large stones on its west side indicate the position of a jetty, and the lines of the outer wall, with round towers at intervals, can be followed.

On the highest part of the isthmus is the chapel. It measures 28 feet by 15 feet and the walls are over 3 feet thick. The door was in the south wall, and there are traces of a double window at the east end.

Graham has the following notes on a remarkable stone which lies under the north wall of the chapel:—

"The most interesting monument which has been brought to light is that of Donald the son of Patrick the son of Celestine. It represents a warrior in full armour, of the type generally to be met with in Highland graveyards, but possibly from the stone having been underground there is much more detail than is commonly found. The chain work of the camailed helmet is worked out with extreme delicacy, there are traces of condirers or elbow pieces, and the ornamentation of the scabbard and the buckles of the spurs are quite discernible. The figure, which is in high relief, is in the usual position, the left hand clasping the sword while the right hand holds a strap of which the buckle is plainly visible. Below the figure there is a galley. There is an inscription to the right of the head, which runs "**HIC JAT DONALDUS FILIUS PATRICI CELESTINI.**" Celestine Earl of Lochalsh was brother to John, fourth Lord of the Isles, to whom Alexander son of Celestine succeeded. Another son was Master Neil rector of Kilchoman in 1427."

In Cosmo Innes' great, but unfinished, *Origines Parochiales*, 1851-55, under the heading "Killarow," we have the following information:—

"The chapels on Island Finlaggan and that of St. Columba were anciently in the patronage of the Lords of the Isles.

Before 1380, John, Lord of the Isles, is said to have roofed the chapel of Finlagan, and others; and to have given them 'the proper furniture for the service of God,' and maintenance for the officiating clergy.

In 1427, Alexander of Yle, Lord of the Isles and master of Ross, dates a charter at the island of Saint Finlagan in Yle. In 1503, King James IV. presented Sir Malcolm Dungalsoun to 'the chapellantry of Sanct Colme and Sanctt Finlagane, situate in the ile of Ilaa,' vacant by the decease of Sir Angus Makbreochane, and belonging to the King's presentation as Lord of the Isles. To the record of this presentation is appended the following memorandum:—'that thir twa chaplanrys were euir at the presentatioun of the Lordis of the Islis, and now at our Souerane Lordis presentatioun as Lord of the sammyn, quhill now that is schewin to his Hienes be the said reuerend Faider.'

In 1527, King James V. presented Sir Malcolm Donaldsoun to the chaplainry of Illancynlagane in the Lordship of Ilay, then vacant by the decease of Sir Malcolm Makgillespy.

In 1542, the same King presented Sir Archibald M'Iliwray to the two chaplainries of Ellen Finlagane and St. Columba, with the lands belonging to them, namely: Ballochlovan, Knockchlorycht, and Balleossyn, in Ila, which were vacant by the decease of Sir Malcolm M'Donald M'Dougall. . . . On this island the wives and children of the island lords were buried, while themselves were buried in Iona."

A manuscript history of the MacDonalds, written in the reign of King Charles II., gives the following account of the ceremony of installing the Lords of the Isles, and of the constitution of their government :—

“ I thought fit to annex the ceremony of proclaiming the Lord of the Isles. At this the Bishop of Argyle, the Bishop of the Isles, and seven priests, were sometimes present ; but a bishop was always present, with the chieftains of all the principal families, and a ruler of the Isles. There was a square stone seven or eight feet long, and the tract of a man’s foot cut thereon, upon which he stood, denoting that he should walk in the footsteps and uprightness of his predecessors, and that he was installed by right in his possessions. He was clothed in a white habit, to show his innocence and maintain the true religion. The white apparel did afterwards belong to the poet by right. Then he was to receive a white rod in his hand, intimating that he had power to rule, not with tyranny and partiality, but with discretion and sincerity. Then he received his forefathers’ sword, or some other sword, signifying that his duty was to protect and defend them from the incursions of their enemies in peace or war, as the obligations and customs of his predecessors were. When they were dismissed, the Lord of the Isles feasted them for a week thereafter, and gave liberally to the monks, poets, bards, and musicians. . . . The constitution or government was thus : MacDonald had his council at Island Finlagan in Isla, to the number of sixteen, viz.—four thanes ; four armans, that is to say, lords or subthanes ; four squires, or men of competent estates who could not come up with armans or thanes ; and four freeholders, or men that had their lands in factory, as Magee of the Rinds of Islay, Macnicoll in Portree in Sky, and Maceachern, Mackay, and M’Gillevrays, in Mull, Macillehmaoel or Macmillan, etc. There was a table of stone where this council sat in the Isle of Finlagan, the which, with the stone on which MacDonald sat, were carried away by Argyle, with the bells that were in Icolumkill. Moreover, there was a judge in every isle for the discussion of controversies, who had lands from MacDonald for their trouble, and likewise the eleventh part of every action decided. But there might still be an appeal to the Council of Isles. MacFinnon was obliged to see weights and measures adjusted, and MacDuffe or MacPhie of Colonsay kept the records of the Isles.”

Here in Island Finlaggan lies buried Princess Margaret, daughter of the first Stewart King of Scotland, Robert II., and great grand-daughter of Robert the Bruce.

Returning to the main road again we proceed to the little clachan of *Keills*. Near Keills are the ruins of one of the many churches dedicated to St. Columba.

The graveyard is crowded and in considerable dilapidation. This ancient church was dedicated to St. Columba. In the churchyard is a sculptured stone which dates from the fourteenth century. It is carved with the familiar design of a sword surrounded by a foliated scroll. Each scroll ends in a stem with two lions on either side. At the top of the stone is a galley fully rigged. Three lines of moulding run along the edge. This beautiful and ancient stone has been much disfigured by the sacrilege of a later day. Part of the representation of the galley at the head has been obliterated that some ruthless vandal might inscribe D.M.E. and the date 1707. We know, however, that the stone is at least three times that age.

The road from Keills runs through very pleasant and fertile country, once thickly populated, and at length descends a very steep hill to Port Askaig.

Port Askaig is picturesquely situated on the Sound of Islay. It nestles on the sea level under the shelter of high hills, and the strong current of the tide flows now up now down the Sound along its shore ceaselessly. It has a post office and an hotel. The mail steamer calls three times a week, Mon., Wed. and Friday, from Tarbert and the mails are carried to Port Ellen the same evening. Many a tale the driver of the mail could tell of the trials of this journey through snow storm, rain storm, and thunder storm. Yet in spite of the long and tedious journey the mails are rarely late even in the depths of winter. On the hill above Port Askaig is the mansion house of Dunlossit. The proprietor is Nathaniel Dunlop, Esq. The house commands a view of Highland scenery which it would be difficult to equal in Scotland. East, the grand quartzite masses of the Paps of Jura rise 2,569 feet above the sea, which almost washes their base. Northward and eastward is the Sound of Islay, and the green meadowland and heathery moorland of Islay, with island and sea beyond. Southward can be seen the circle of peaks around Proaig and the flat lands around Lochindaal.

A ferry boat runs from Port Askaig to Jura. An ascent of one of the Jura hills is comparatively easy when once one has passed the thick covering of loo.e

angular stones broken up by the rains and frosts from the rock underneath. When once the summit is reached and the whole island and a wide panorama of sea and land beyond lies spread out as in a map below, the tourist feels repaid for the exertion of the climb. On a clear day the misty isle of Skye can be discerned to the north and the advertised Isle of Man to the south. Two such prospects would bring under the eye the whole mainland of Great Britain. It was on the Paps of Jura that Professor Walker of Edinburgh set water a-boil with six degrees of heat less than he found necessary on the plain below. Two large distilleries are situated in the vicinity. At Bealachroy a young man who taught school there afterwards rose to be Admiral Campbell of the British Navy. He was a strong supporter of the project for the construction of the Forth and Clyde Canal. At Ardnahoe, Annie Campbell, the mother of Lord Clyde, was born. West of Port Askaig is *Mulreesh*, where the ruins of *Tigh an t' Sagairt*, House of the Priest, are to be seen. Not far from it is the ruins of an ancient place of worship peculiar, because, like the church of Bowmore, it is circular in shape. It has been built without lime. Beneath the *Mulreesh* hillside there are immense resources in the shape of plumbiferous and argentiferous ores. These ores were worked up during the end of last century, but owing to certain economic difficulties and also to the manner of disposition of these ores the work had to be discontinued. A revival of this once thriving industry would be of immense benefit to the islanders.

Port Askaig Hotel is situated close to the Pier and its new proprietor is Mr. Darroch, a native of Colonsay. The postmaster at Port Askaig is Mr. MacLean, while the business of General Merchant is carried on by Mr. John MacAulay, an enterprising native of Portnahaven, whose brother was for many years postmaster there.

From Port Askaig an excursion may be made to *Bolsa*, and a visit paid to the Big Cave.

# Port Ellen to Machrie.

---

## KINTRA, CARABAN, AND THE TALE OF GODRED CROVAN.

---

A band of soldiers, with their merry din,  
Filled the great kitchen of the White Hart Inn,  
Some round the spacious chimney smoking sat,  
And whiled the time in battle talk and chat;  
Some at the snow-white table gamed and swore,  
While pikes and matchlocks strewed the sanded floor.

—*Old Poem.*

THIS is by far the most picturesque of the three roads that stretch from Port Ellen to Bowmore. Leaving the village by Charlotte Street, we pass on the right the Ramsay Memorial Hall. Immediately beyond is the residence of the former factors of the Kildalton Estate and recently purchased by Mr. Hugh MacDougall, a native of Port Ellen. We now come to a fork in the road and straight ahead is the High Road to Bowmore, Bridgend, and away north to Port Askaig. Keeping the left hand road we have the premises of the Port Ellen Distillery on either hand. Beyond the distillery some very fine houses stand along the shore, surrounded by gardens and conspicuous in their red tiling.

Our way now is straight ahead. The Low Road—that monotonous highway that runs to Bowmore straight as if it were drawn with a straight-edge—cuts it on the right. If the long-talked-of Islay railway ever emerges from the domain of dreams, this road, which is ideal from an engineer's point of view, will assume a new importance.

We pass *Cairnmore*, embowered in trees, the beautiful residence of Mr. Hindle. Opposite Cairnmore, on the shore side, is a fine wood skirting the road and stretch-

ing down to a rocky sea beach. At the end of the wood and branching off at right angles to the direction of our advance is the road which runs through the Peninsula of Oa. Our route, however, lies across the low-lying isthmus. The farm on our left is *Cornabus*, on our right is *Ballyvicar*, the Vicar's Farm, of Donald of Harlaw's Gaelic Charter. *Kintra Farm* is down by the seashore on the left. The path to *Slochd Mhaol Doraidh* and some very interesting caves lies along the shore by way of Kintra Farm, the proprietor of which is Mr. James MacTaggart. Beyond the Kintra road-end we come upon the Machrie Golf Links.

On the roadside between Ballyvicar and Kintra is a large white standing stone, which is perhaps the most interesting historical memorial in Islay.

This large white stone, standing out solitary and conspicuous against the purple heather of the lonely moorland, unlike many similar monuments in Islay, has both a name and a history. It is called *Caraban*—White Stone—and marks the burial-place of one of the doughtiest warriors of his time—Godred Crovan—the King Arthur of the Western Isles. Who was Godred Crovan? What is his history? His story is a tale of other and more war-like times. It concerns a Norse invasion, the founding of a dynasty, the fight for a throne. It recalls a forgotten reminiscence of Malcolm Canmore and a far-away echo of the Norman Conquest. To get a background to a story, which is as pertinent to this narrative as it is intimately associated with the history of Islay, we must hark back eight and a half centuries. We must recall a turbulent time when Harold, a Danish king, held for ten crowded months his precarious seat upon the throne of England; a time when wide tracts of primeval forests stretched across Britain; when the wild white cattle roamed the grass lands; when the bear still lurked in the remoter thickets; when wolves, prowling through the night, ravaged the herdsman's folds; when wild boars wallowed in the fens or munched acorns under the oakwoods.

At this time Winchester was the capital of England and men were sold as slaves at Bristol market place,



wer-geld was the blood money which compensated the bereaved, and the prisoner was tried by ordeal or compurgation, and punished by scourging, mutilation or death.

Thus was Britain. On the continent Peter the Hermit was leading his undisciplined rabble, eastward, across Europe to perish on the perilous road to Palestine.

On Monday, 25th September of that fateful year 1066, a Norwegian army under King Harold Hardrada, after defeating Earls Edwin and Morcar at Fulford on the Ouse, met in stern conflict an English army under King Harold of England.

All through that autumn day the crash of battle resounded in that quiet country side that environed Stamford Bridge in Yorkshire. The Norwegian King, a man of giant stature and dauntless courage, fought at the head of his men with all that Berserker pugnacity for which the Viking breed was famous. His chief of staff was Godred—Godred the White Handed. The battle was bloody and prolonged, but ultimately, and absolutely, decisive. The Norsemen fought bravely but in vain. Harold Hardrada, the most famous of the Viking chiefs, lay among the flower of his warriors. Disaster befel the vanquished, but the triumph of the victor was short-lived. While the English King was feasting at York a thane of Sussex suddenly appeared with the terrible tidings that Duke William of Normandy had landed at Pevensey and was laying waste the south coast. It was the beginning of the end for Harold.

Meanwhile Godred, escaping from the battlefield, made his way from Stamford Bridge to Islay. The fame of his prowess in the field preceded him, and he soon gathered sufficient men to dispute the title of King of Man and the Isles with Fingal. His exploits include the expulsion of Fingal, the invasion of Ireland, and the subjugation of Dublin and a great part of Leinster. Then it was that he turned his attention eastward and waged successful war against Malcolm III. of Scotland, commonly called Canmore.





*Photo by N. Morrison, Port Ellen*

*CARABAN.*

The Highland Mart. Glasgow.

**A. M. WRIGHT,** "THE ISLAY  
SALESMAN,"

Auctioneer and Live Stock Agent.

BRITISH LINEN BANK BUILDINGS,

92 ELCHO ST. (off Gallowgate, opposite Moore St. entrance to Dead )  
(Meat Market, and adjacent to Glasgow Cattle Market )  
**GLASGOW.**

**Bi-Weekly Sales of Fat Stock** in Glasgow Cattle Market every  
**Monday and Wednesday. Weekly Sales of Dairy and Store**  
**Stock every Wednesday.**

**Special Sales**, if numbers warrant, to suit arrival of Highland Steamers  
delayed in transit.

Extensive Grazing and Stockyard Accommodation. Competent Staff to  
handle all classes of Stock. Expert advice as to advantageous disposal of  
Fat, Dairy, and Store Stock.

**Highest Market Prices. Prompt Returns.**

Reference : British Linen Bank, Gallowgate Branch, Glasgow.

**Consignments, Large and Small, Equally Acceptable.**

ALL CONSIGNMENTS RECEIVE **A. M. WRIGHT'S** PERSONAL SUPERVISION.

Telegraphic Address : "CATTLE, GLASGOW." Telephone : BRIDGETON, 726.

---

OUR MOTTO IS QUALITY.

If you want BUTTER and EGGS

Direct from the BEST ISLAY and other DAIRIES  
call at

**WILLIAM MACFADYEN'S**  
93 STOBCROSS STREET,  
**GLASGOW.**

Fresh Supplies Weekly. Every description of  
General Groceries sent to Coast or Country.

Free Delivery to Train or Steamer.

Note Address : .. .. 93 Stobcross Street.

If we turn from the study of the musty records of the past to the local and living tradition of to-day we find the name of Prince Godred Crovan enshrined as the St. George of the Western Isles.

Once upon a time a great dragon—Beithir—laid waste the whole of Islay. So dire was the scourge that only “three smokes” appeared in the island. His lair was at a place called Imiraconard. This place is situated to the right of the road immediately beyond Bridgend. Godred Crovan determined to slay the monster, and laid his plans accordingly. He anchored his ship in Lochindaal and from it laid a pathway of spiked barrels to the shore. He then took with him three horses which he placed at intervals along the tract, and on a fourth the doughty Norseman rode boldly to the dragon’s den. Having made his presence known by throwing a spear, Godred galloped off at full speed with the saurian in hot pursuit, like the bibulous Tam-o’-Shanter and the witches. Horse after horse was knocked up and left behind to be devoured. In thus whetting his appetite the dragon lost ground, and only reached the shore as Godred reached his ship. The *Beithir*, nothing daunted, continued the pursuit on the spiked barrels and perished miserably by the way.

Godred was the founder of that dynasty of Kings of Man and the Isles which terminated in 1265. Lagman, his eldest son, reigned over the Isles for seven years. Abdicating his throne he took the Cross, set out for Palestine to fight for the Holy Sepulchre, and died at Jerusalem. The third son of Godred, noted for his diminutive stature and known in Highland tradition as Olav the Red, reigned peacefully as King of the Isles for forty years.

Thus, since 1095, this white memorial marks the last resting place of Godred Crovan. Here, on this lonely moorland, the Viking chief sleeps on amid the ‘drums and tramlings’ of eight centuries, forgotten till some Gaelic Homer shall arise to write the Iliad of the Isles.

# Port Ellen to Bowmore.

The Old Route.

---

BIG STRAND, DUICH, ISLAND FARM,  
BRIDGE HOUSE.

---

"Seagull! seagull! keep out on the sea sand,  
It's never good weather when you're inland."

**R**EACHING the farm of Kintra, as described in the previous tour, we survey the largest beach in the Island, *Traigh Mhor*, the Big Strand. This beautiful stretch of sand with

"Its wide circle of seven miles"

was the scene of the Legend of the Rider of the Black Horse, so vividly narrated by Thomas Pattison in "Captain Gorry's Ride" in his *Gaelic Bards*.

Several miles from Kintra stands *Cnoc-Aingeal*, Beacon Hill. The eminence was so named from the circumstance that fires blazed from its summit in olden times to serve as a lighthouse, and also to warn the wayfarer that at this place some dangerous rocks nearly blocked the way. Once an inn stood here whose last occupant, Mr. James Gilchrist, was standard-bearer of the Islaymen who went to Inveraray in 1847 to give Queen Victoria a Highland welcome on her first visit to the West of Scotland. Five hundred men, the pick of the Islanders, followed Campbell of Islay on this occasion. With his characteristic enthusiasm for Islay, 'Shawfield' decreed that everything down to the minutest detail was to be of home manufacture. A difficulty arose with the staining of the handles of the Lochaber axes. According to tradition the proper dye

was bog-bean, and all the old women in the parish were engaged in collecting the plant and preparing the dye. But bog-bean is a dye which can only be used when time is not an element in the contract, so honest John MacIntyre, master armourer, aided and abetted by MacLean, who was then tutor to the Islay family, bought sixpence worth of logwood, and dyed the handles a beautiful purple in less than no time. The local poets broke forth into song over the Inveraray expedition, a parody of an old Jacobite ballad being yet extant.

“ Luchd na breachan, luchd na breachan,  
Luchd na breachan, sgarlaid  
Luchd na breachan dhuibh 's uaine  
Dol mancuairt air Shawfield.

Those of the tartan, those of the tartan,  
Those of the tartan scarlet.  
Those of the tartan black and green  
Gathering round Shawfield.”

Campbell of Islay was often called Shawfield, from his estate near Glasgow.

The spirits alleged to have haunted the Big Strand were no doubt conjured up by the spirits sold in gills at Knock Angle Inn.

The road from the Big Strand passes *Gleneigedale*, and runs on through the sand dunes and rabbit warrens of *Duich Farm*.

As one emerges from the sand knolls, he may notice, immediately to the left, a huge excavation which marks the site of an immense underground vault, which had been interiorly lined with boards, and called the Ice House. It was used for the storage of ice for the temporary preservation of salmon caught on the lower reaches of Laggan Water.

A short distance from this excavation is a well-built stone bridge which forms the dividing line between Kildalton and Oa and Kilarrow. Strangely, until this day, this bridge which spans Duich River is called *an Drochaid Iaruinn*, the Iron Bridge, because its immediate predecessor had been made of iron.

In 1750, the surveyors appointed by the Parliament of Islay ordered that roads and bridges be repaired,

as follows:—"The people of Duich, Laggan, Island, Corrary, Mulindra, and Curiloch, with Avinlussa and Torra, from the Water of Duich to the Water of Kilarrow, Gartloisk and Grobolls, to be with them, inspected by James Robertson and Robert Campbell to work three days except the last day that the half of them go to Duich with Robert Campbell, to help the water course there." Other sections of the island were worked in the same way by different parties and oversmen. The arable land of this farm of Duich is so level that a ploughman might draw his furrow a mile in length without meeting with a single obstruction. Some of these fields have been known to return twenty-fold. The "water course" referred to here is a new channel, a mile long and as straight as an arrow, that was cut between the arable land and the hill pasture, for the Duich River. This beautiful stream had previously flowed in a zig-zag way through the fertile fields of Duich, and when in flood frequently damaged the farmer's crops. It was at this time that the present substantial stone bridge was erected across the Water of Duich.

The next half mile brings the tourist to *Island Farm*—the island being made by rivers. Its local name is *Eilean na Muice Duibhe*, Island of the Black Pig. It is related in *The Life of Columba* that towards the close of the sixth century there lived on this farm a rich man named Feredach, who was cut off by sudden death. Columba had sent Tarain, a noble Pict, for refuge to him, but Feredach ordered him to be put to death. For this treacherous murder Columba foretold, it being then summer, that should Feredach eat of swine's flesh that had been fattened on the fruit of trees, he should be seized by sudden death in autumn. Feredach laughed this prophecy to scorn, and in order to falsify it, had a sow killed that had been fed on the kernels of nuts, and directed that a portion of it should be immediately cooked for him. This was done but before he put a bit of it in his mouth he fell down dead. Another tradition says that this farm was infested with snakes, and that with a view to getting rid of the poisonous pests, the farmer let loose upon it a big, black, hungry

pig, with her numerous litter, which quickly devoured this live food. Hence the name of the farm.

The Island Farm was once tenanted by Mr. Duncan Sinclair, who married a sister of the Misses MacCuaig, White Hart Hotel, Port Ellen. Mr. Sinclair and his wife emigrated to Nebraska, America. He was a brother of the first Archibald Sinclair, Gaelic Printer, Glasgow. Afterwards the father of the late Captain John MacNeill, of the once famous steamer 'Islay' became tenant of the farm.

As the highway runs athwart this farm, one comes to a tidy little bridge called *Drochaid na Leoige*, the Bridge of the Runnel. Thence leaving the farmhouse on the left, the tourist jolts up the road and comes to *Bridge House*, once a roadside inn, but afterwards used for some years as a school. This school was for some years taught by Mr. Neil Sinclair, an arithmetical genius. The Low Road, from Port Ellen by Glen-eigedale, Duich, and *Loch Airigh Aoidh*, whose water was drained off to allow the road to pass over its dried bottom, joins the Big Strand Road near Bridge House. Here a safe though snake-like bridge leads the traveller across Laggan River, having Upper Corrary on his right and Lower Corrary on his left. *Lonban*, a snug little farm on the right, was the home of the late Rev. Robert Blair, D.D., of St. John's, Edinburgh. This house was celebrated by William Livingston, the Islay bard, in one of his most touching and patriotic songs.



## Port Ellen to Bridgend.

---

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day  
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;  
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,  
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the white  
road and the sky!

—Gerald Gould.

ALTHOUGH not so straight as the Low Road, yet at several points this route shows long vistas ahead, and is most picturesque and therefore less monotonous than the straighter and more level road. From Port Ellen the road rises more or less to *Leorin*, a farm on the right. A school of the same name is on the roadside on the left. Higher and further from the road is *Upper Leorin*. Crossing the bridge named *Drochaid Bhuldaidh Mhic Ian*, we see away on the left Machrie Golf Course and the buildings of Machrie Hotel. Midway between the road and the shore is *Glenmachrie*, and beyond it, another farm, *Gleneigedale*. About the middle of the nineteenth century the rich flats and links of Gleneigedale were occupied by five or six prosperous farmers.

Passing *Torra Farm* a bridge carries the road over Torra River. Torra River is called Duich River until it joins its sister river the Laggan about a mile from Laggan Bay. The Avenvogie River, after running alongside the road for some distance joins the Laggan at the Big Bridge. The road to Bowmore branches off here to the left. Going ahead we find Loch Tallant and further on the farm of Tallant. High on our right, as if expecting reinforcements from Nosebridge Fort and Knock Rònamail, rises the furrowed face of *Sliabh-a'-chath*, Hill of the Battle, 'reminiscent of a battle, probably fought between Celt and Norsemen, some nine centuries ago. This is the scene of Living-



ston's celebrated martial poem, *Na Lochlannaich an Ile*, The Danes in Islay. William Livingston, the Islay poet, was born on the farm of *Gartmain*, which lies away to the left. His forte was to sing of arms and of men, of battlefields and the exploits of heroes. MacKay of the Rhinns, one of the bard's chief characters in this poem, shows clever strategy in the disposition of his forces and real military tactics in the handling of them. Livingston has made the Burn of Gartmain the Islayman's Bannockburn. This semi-historical drama is unique in the Gaelic language.

Lochindaal can be seen to advantage from the height of the road here. At the entrance to this roadstead which stretches to a distance of eight miles inland, there stand, about eight miles apart, like the Pillars of Hercules, the Point of the Rhinns and the Mull of Oa. The last stage of the journey is very beautiful indeed as the road runs alongside the shore for some distance before turning to the right through the woods of Bridgend.



# Port Ellen to the Peninsula of Oa.

---

KILNAUGHTON, LIGHTHOUSE, GOLDEN  
SANDS, CRAGABUS, DUN-AD.

---

When the natives leave Islay, farewell to the peace of Scotland.  
—*Old Gaelic Proverb.*

TO explore this peninsula the road from Port Ellen which goes towards Kintra must be taken. We follow it past Port Ellen Distillery, and on past Cairnmore, until we come to the end of a wood which skirts the road on the shore side. Immediately beyond the wood the road turns sharply to the left and runs—a white ribbon—through the peninsula. The high hills and deep valleys which terminate at the Mull of Oa make this the most undulating road in Islay. On it goes, now up and now down, switchback fashion, higher still and higher, hill succeeding hill, ever showing steeper and more tantalising heights to the despairing eyes of the weary Excelsior.

Down this road we go until we have crossed a small stream, and then our way deflects to the left over grass lands to the sea-shore. This is a favourite walk with visitors to Port Ellen. It includes KILNAUGHTON CHURCHYARD, the LIGHTHOUSE and the GOLDEN SANDS. The churchyard of Kilnaughton is about one and a half miles from Port Ellen.

Mr. Graham, in his *Carved Stones of Islay*, says the Church of Kilnaughton “was dedicated to St. Nathalan, Nachlan or Nauchlan, January 8, A.D., 678.” He further quotes the account of him given in *Forbes’ Kalendars*:—“Nathalan is believed to have been born in the northern parts of the Scoti, in ancient times, at Tulliecht in the diocese of Aberdeen. He was a man

of great sanctity and devotion, who, after he had come to man's estate and been imbued with the liberal arts, devoted himself and his whole time to divine contemplation."

The local pronunciation is *Cill Neachdainn*, and in English, Kilnaughton. With more probability Kilnaughton may be associated with *Nectan* the first Pictish king that conformed to Rome, and, for a while, retired into a monastery in the early decades of the eighth century.

The inside measurements of Kilnaughton Church are 37 feet 8 inches by 15 feet 2 inches. This ancient churchyard is full of graves, and inside the church there are many graves and several sculptured stones. In this God's Acre may be seen many objects of antiquarian interest. Under the south wall is a stone sculptured in high relief, showing a warrior in armour. At the top right hand corner of this stone is depicted a small figure, a pair of shears, and a book. Next to this stone is another overgrown with leaves and stems. On this a cross can be traced at the end of a scroll design. A stone lies at the north-east corner of the churchyard which shows beautiful workmanship. The carvings represent a sword surrounded by scroll work of fine design.

Following the shore road we may reach the LIGHTHOUSE, and beyond it the beautiful stretch of sea beach known as the GOLDEN SANDS.

The tourist now returns to the road and ascends to *Lower Cragabus*. A conspicuous object by the roadside here is a monolith and a few burial cists formed of large stones. At the foot of this pillar-stone there is a heap of small stones. Its local name is *Càrn Chonnachain*, and the adjacent field is called *Achadh Chonnachain*, Connachan's Field. Mr. Hector MacLean says:—"Connachan was the strongest of the Fenians. The others were envious of him, and learned from his mother that nothing would waken him but women and strong drink. They brought a lot of handsome women from Ireland and had dances every night. He was plied with strong drink, and in a month's time he became so weak that he was easily mastered and killed,

and they buried him in the cairn. Perhaps the old cairn, with its *Curragh* (pillar stone), may throw some light on the etymon of Cragabus." Cragabus is simply *Kraka-bus* Crow-town.

The district beyond Lower Cragabus abounds with objects of archæological interest. In this neighbourhood is *Upper Killeen* and *Lower Killeen*, *Cill Sheathainn*, a church dedicated to St. John. Some authorities hold that Killeen means *Cill Aodhain*, the church of Little Hugh. There are more than seventy Killeens in Ireland. Between Lower Killeen and *Dùn an Fhithich*, Raven's Fort, there remain traces of an old church called *Cill Chathain* Church of St. Cattán or Cathán, an Irish Pictish abbot and friend of St. Columba.

From this district hailed Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Macdougall, the respected parents of Mr. Peter Macdougall, M.A., F.E.I.S. Mr. Macdougall who was born in Glasgow is a fluent Gaelic and English speaker, and a most popular figure in Highland and Educational circles in Glasgow. We make bold to say that there is no more conscientious devotee to the welfare of his fellow Gaels than this modest and unassuming Highlander. Mr. Macdougall, with characteristic efficiency, administers the Sinclair Memorial Fund for the Glasgow Islay Association and in this direction has done much to foster the culture of his mother tongue in his native Island.

A little beyond Cragabus a road branching to the left leads to *Balychatrigan* on the east of the Mull of Oa. On this shore the Norwegian barque *Harald* ran on the rocks in a mist in August, 1909. Fortunately the crew escaped in boats, but the ship became a total wreck.

About a mile south of Balychatrigan are the traces of the old chapel of *Cill Chomhan*, probably in commemoration of St. Comgan or Comhghain, uncle of St. Fillán. He lived about the year 750.

The ruins of the little hamlet of *Stremnishmore* lie to the south.

The most conspicuous landmark in the peninsula of Oa is the high headland of DUN-AD. On this tall promontory are to be seen the remains of an ancient

stronghold. A broad and deep chasm separated the high rock on which the fort stood from the adjoining land. The inaccessible cliffs on the seaward side made approach from that direction impossible, so that the only means of ingress was by a drawbridge across the chasm. It was a stronghold of great strength and solidity. This Dun-ad, Dun-add, or Dun-aid, is probably the same fort as Aitha Castle, which gave the name Aitha Cassil to the district. In 735, Angus MacFergus, King of Fortrenn, invaded the district of Argyle and took Dun-add. There likely is another Dun-add in Argyllshire. May not Dun-add be named after Aed, or Aodh, who was King of Argyll or Dalriada in 747—Dun-Aed Fort of Aed? By combining the two words Dùn, fort, and Aed or Aoth, fire, we get Dùn-aid, Fort of Fire. This interpretation is strengthened by the circumstance that beacon fires often flared from the summit of this rocky headland. Local tradition has it that the fort was built by the Danes on their way to the battle of Largs, in 1263.

When the MacDonalds lost Islay, the fort was demolished and the intervening chasm filled up.

To-day a narrow neck of land connects the headland to the mainland. A former tenant of Kinnabus, famous as a daring horseman, rode his horse across this perilous pathway and up the opposite hill—a hazardous and foolhardy adventure.

While in this locality the tourist might pay a visit to some of the very interesting caves which are situated on the south-western seaboard of the peninsula.

# Port Ellen to Claggan Bay by the Lagavulin Road.

---

## LASRACH, KILBRIDE, AND THE FIELD OF THE STANDING STONES.

---

Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,  
And East and West the wander-thirst that will not let me be ;  
It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say good-bye ;  
For the seas call and the stars call, and oh ! the call of the sky.

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are,  
But a man can have the sun for friend, and for his guide a star ;  
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard.  
For the river calls and the road calls, and oh ! the call of a bird.

—*Gerald Gould.*

**"B**AD beyond all badness," was Horace Walpole's verdict on the roads of Surrey. There is a thousand mile road in India which, we believe, is good beyond all betterment. We place the roads of Islay somewhere between those two but, alas, with an occasional bias towards the former. Although the surface is fairly good, these roads have the same drawback as has the Auld Brig of Ayr, "Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet." Breadth of outlook, however, compensates for the narrowness of the highway.

The Lagavulin Road is, without doubt, the most interesting and beautiful in Islay. It is a road of delightful surprises ; now skirting the rock-bound shore of a contorted coast, now among the sylvan beauties of Ardimersay, now through the solitudes of Kildalton, always amid delightful scenery, and with never a feature that repeats itself.

Comparisons are odious, but the contrast is remarkable when we compare this road with the road to Bowmore, High or Low, where the plodding pedestrian sees, with dismay, long vistas of weary miles ahead, with bleak, desolate moorland on either hand, wind-swept, monotonous. We set out on the Bowmore Road that we may arrive, not, as on this, for the joy of the journey. Let me hasten to add that the warm-hearted welcome and generous hospitality of the Bowmore people more than compensates for the penance of the pilgrimage.

While motoring along the Lagavulin Road some years ago the writer found it fairly good until about the eighth milestone. At this point the owner of the car, an expert motorist, began to become apprehensive of the surface. Still, he drove on with a keen eye ahead. Presently the road ceased as a macadamised road, but we were able to continue along the grasslands. We proceeded without much inconvenience till we had to brake up smartly else we should have entered the farm kitchen at Ardtalla without ceremony but with considerable precipitation. It reminded the writer somewhat of those American roads which begin as spacious highways but dwindle down to a squirrel track and run up a tree.

Its modest dimensions cannot, however, destroy the romance of its history. Along this road the signal cross was carried with the news that Macdonald had escaped from Edinburgh Castle, and over it floated the plaintive strains of the lament that warned Coll Ciotach of the ambushade. In remote times it was trodden by a numerous and a varied company :—the Viking hurrying to meet the galleys of Godred of the White Hand in Kilnaughton Bay, an ecclesiastical cavalcade on the way from an installation at Finlaggan, a courier spurring from Dunyvaig to the grim fortress at Loch Gorm, a pikeman bound for Dun-Ad, a priest returning from Kilbride, an archer making for the butts at Imraconard, a clansman hastening to MacDonald's clan rally in the Rhinns, or a peasant fleeing from the sword of MacLean or the torch of the treacherous Argyle.

Happily, we live in safer, if less romantic, times and the chimneys of Lagavulin Distillery look down upon the battlements of Dunyvaig.

A 'stey brae' leads from the sea front at the foot of Lagavulin Road. On the right is the Baptist Church with some pleasant cottages beyond. A road joins in on the left at the top. It leads to the U.F. Manse and the Free Church, and beyond, as a right-of-way, reaches the shore.

Most of the stones from which Port Ellen was built were taken from the quarry on the left of the road. Beyond the quarry a rough country road leads to the farm of Kilbride. About one hundred yards up this road, in a field on the right, there is a standing stone sixteen feet high. On the hillside further up are traces of the foundations of a very ancient church of some antiquarian interest—EAGLAIS TOBAR LASRACH, as it was called, The Church of the Well of Lasrach. The chapel was oblong in shape and twenty-three feet by ten and a half internal measurement. The remains of a wall are indicated by a semi-circular mound which runs round the west and south sides, broken by what appears to have been a gateway. Two stones flank the entrance; in one a circular hole has been cut; in the other a rectangular one. There appears from the fragments lying around to have been several of these curiously wrought stones. Their use is unknown. Still higher up we come upon all that remains of the chapel of Kilbride, beside the farm which bears its name. It was built as a local memorial of St. Bridget, one of the most popular saints in Celtic Scotland. It used to be a custom in Islay every year in February on *La Fheill Brighde* to hold the Festival of Bridget. All labour was suspended on that day and Islay held high holiday.

A few paces east of the ruins of Kilbride Chapel there once stood a small cross about two feet high, together with a cup-marked stone. These have now been removed to the grounds of Kildalton Castle. The late Mrs. Ramsay presented a cast of this cross to the National Museum at Edinburgh.

The ruined building near Toradale was probably a chapel, and there are traces of still another chapel.



Some of the stones used in the erection of the former are of huge size, and near the latter is a rock with a small boss-shaped protuberance with a little hole in the centre an inch deep carved on its surface. Even the names of these churches are now unknown.

If the tourist proceeds eastwards parallel to the Lagavulin Road he reaches the FIELD OF THE STANDING STONES. Here are two pillar stones of great size. One similar in shape lies between them. There are at least nine of these conspicuous objects scattered over this parish, and many more throughout Islay.

A certain subtle glamour of pathos enshrouds these mute memorials of the older days, and a silent and irresistible suggestiveness that steal over the imagination and proffers no response to our vain questionings. The hero, the battle, or whatever they were laboriously erected to commemorate, has long passed from human memory, but the nameless monument persists and mocks our surmise. When the warrior chief set willing hands to perpetuate the victory, when the sorrowing clansmen sought to immortalise the memory of a fallen leader, they trusted that in days to come son might ask father the meaning of the monument. The father might forget the spot but never the occasion. That pride of ancestry, that race spirit which is characteristic of the Celt, would survive to keep the record clean. "If we mark for all time the position," said they, "tradition shall enshrine the circumstance." Alas, for human frailty; the stone alone remains—a finger-post that shows no direction, its unstoried side marking the location of—we know not what; silent, solitary, inscrutable. However, of these pillar monoliths in the Field of the Standing Stones one thing is certain, they do not mark the tomb of some ascetic ecclesiastic. They who die peacefully are buried in peace. They rest on lonely hillsides in those quiet sleeping places which lie around Kildalton, Kilbride and Kilarrow. Of the "Thousand doors that lead to death" these entered by that which opens with violence and in haste. They died that sudden death that Cæsar desired the night before his wish came true.

## II.

BAILE NECHDAINN, ARDBEG, KILDALTON  
CASTLE, KILDALTON CHURCH, KINTURE,  
ARDTALLA, CLAGGAN BAY.

---

CONTINUING eastwards from the pillar stones, over the fields, we come to the grounds of BAILE NECHDAINN FARM. This was once a happy and prosperous place. The ancestors of Dr. MacIntyre of Bridgend occupied this farm. There were two hamlets of the name adjacent, distinguished by the adjectives Mhor and Bheag. Baile Nechdainn Mhor was inhabited some sixty years ago. Now dilapidated ruins mark the site of happy homesteads.

On the grounds of Baile Nechdainn, midway between the ruins and Lagavulin Road, is a standing stone which has been utilised in a boundary wall. It is about twelve feet high, three feet wide, and one and a half feet thick. A similar stone lies on the ground beside it. There is no trace of carving on these stones and we have no clue to their significance.

In the BIG RIDGE, a low range of small hills also running parallel to Lagavulin Road there is hidden, tradition declares, a cask containing the rent of Islay for ten years. Lest an unseemly scramble should set in, let me hasten to add that the exact position is uncertain.

On the main road, a little over two miles from Port Ellen, is the new church erected by Iain Ramsay, Esq., in memory of his mother, the late Mrs. Ramsay of Kildalton. It is an elegant structure, and is intended to take the place of the older edifice which is situated a short way on to the right of the road.

Immediately beyond the church is the Manse of the Parish of Kildalton. Between the manse and the old church at Lagavulin a double bend on the road as it passes through a small hill is known as the PASS OF THE DEAD. It holds the secret of some grim tragedy of the olden days.



Photo by Archd. Cameron, Boumore.

# ISLAY HOTEL, PORT ELLEN.



TERMS MODERATE.



A. MACNAB, - - PROPRIETRIX.

---

TELEGRAMS: McGIBBON, BOWMORE.

## NEIL McGIBBON,

Royal Mail Contractor and Motor Hirer.

AUTHORISED FORD DEALER.

Charabanc Excursions to Places of Interest.

Garage. Licensed Dealer in Motor Spirit. Ford Parts.

BOWMORE, ISLAY.

---

## Quintin's Temperance Hotel, PORT-ELLEN.

Commercial Gentlemen and  
Tourists will find every comfort and attention.

PK

CHARGES MODERATE.

The road now runs through the village of Lagavulin with the distillery on one side and on the other Mr. Allen's beautiful house. The historic stronghold of DUNYVAIG is situated on a rock in the bay.

Leaving Lagavulin the road ascends in a gentle slope to what is called the Turf Ridge. Beyond the planting, but on the south side of the road, near a gate, are several large stones said to mark the burial place of Mac Iain of the Leech Loch. Tradition has it that, making his escape from Dunyvaig, Mac Iain was pursued and executed on this spot.

If we pause on the road, a little beyond the brae, we see one of the finest landscapes in Islay. ARDBEG nestles below on the edge of the sea of islands. Once a happy and populous village, it has now sadly dwindled. A famous Islayman, the late Mr. Colin Hay, lived here, *Fear de dh' Fhir Ile*. His place is now taken by his son, Mr. Colin E. Hay.

The farm of Ardbeg was formerly tenanted by Mr. Donald Gillespie, now of Craigens, a once famous athlete, who has done much to encourage athletics among the young men of the neighbourhood. Now he is equally famous as an agriculturalist and popular as a Highlander.

Two roads stand opposite the Ardbeg road-end. The one nearer the bridge goes round to CALLUMKILL, the other leads into the Ardimersay deer forest to a spot where the Ardbeg peats are cut, amid the wildest and grandest mountain scenery in Islay. At the blacksmith's house we enter the grounds of KILDALTON, and here the road skirts the shore for a short distance; then the road is lined with woods of hazel and the twining honeysuckle. The Lodge at Kildalton is a most beautiful little cottage and stands on an avenue of fine trees. The castle grounds have been laid out with great skill, and every advantage has been taken of the natural resources in laying out walks and plantations and gardens. The road switchbacks somewhat after leaving the lodge and passes the Kildalton Post Office. Beyond the Post Office we see the Leech Loch at the foot of Knock Hill. A steep descent brings us to the sea level. Before tackling the brae in front—the worst

in Islay—it would be well to have a drink at the spring at the roadside, midway between the two inclines. More than half-way up the further hill are two large stones on the left of the carriage-way, said to mark the burial place of a Norse princess, Ella. The word *Islay* is held by some authorities to be derived from the name of this princess.

Before passing through the gate which encloses the deer forest we see on the right a little white cottage, all that remains of the large farm house of Ardelistry. Once more we traverse wooded country and reach a road which, running down on the right, leads to Kildalton Church. The road winds round past the farms of KINTOUR and TRUDENISH, and ends as indicated at Ardtalla. CLAGGAN BAY, a beautiful beach near Kintour, is a favourite resort for picnic parties.



## A Clachan of the Dead.

---

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man; and covered it all over with these two narrow words: *Hic jacet.*

—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

TO the antiquarian an old graveyard has an irresistible fascination. It seems to weave a magic spell around him. The fussy trivialities of time obtrude less as the eternal verities rise before the mind and capture the imagination. This sleeping-place of Kildalton is beautiful for situation and sanctified by the hallowed associations of centuries. To trace the outline of its monuments, to run the finger along lines and letters carved by human hands many, many years ago is like reaching back from the hurrying Present to the far still Past and putting oneself *en rapport* with the dead and buried ages until the venerable memorials are quickened to life with interests thick and close as the grey moss and saffron lichen that cover them.

The most conspicuous object in this churchyard and, indeed, one of the most remarkable objects of antiquarian interest in Islay, is the Great Cross of Kildalton. It stands a few paces west of the gate. It is a monolith nine feet high. A beautiful cast of this stone can be seen in the Fine Art Galleries, Kelvingrove Park, Glasgow.

In that classic of archæological lore, *The Carved Stones of Islay*, Mr. Graham quotes the authoritative notes of Dr. Joseph Anderson on the Great Cross as follows:—"The fine cross at Kildalton, Islay, is one of two examples of the type with the encircling 'glory' now remaining erect in Scotland, the other being St. Martin's Cross at Iona. This type is a common one on the cross-slabs of Pictland, and the high crosses of Ireland mostly show the same form. In its ornamentation, however, the Kildalton cross is much more



distinctly related to the Scottish group of crosses than to the Irish group, and most closely resembles the cross called St. Martin's and the two fragments at Iona, the cross at Keills in Knapdale, and, to a less extent, the slab at Nigg in Ross-shire. In the general scheme of decoration on the Irish high crosses the Crucifixion is the central subject on one face, and Christ in glory on the other, the spaces on the arms, shaft and summit being filled in with scenes from Scripture.

It is characteristic of the Scottish crosses of dates prior to twelfth century, however, that the representation of the Crucifixion rarely occurs, and the scheme of decoration is usually more largely composed of panels of ornament than panels filled with figure subjects.

On the Kildalton Cross the obverse alone presents figure subjects. These are placed in the four arms of the cross, almost equidistant from the centre. Taking them in their order from the top downwards, there are first two angels side by side, and below them David rending the jaws of the lion, with a sheep (to indicate the flock) in the background.

Underneath again are two birds facing each other, and feeding from the same bunch of grapes—a very common emblem of early Christian times, though of rare occurrence in Britain. It does not again occur on the sculptured monuments of Scotland, though a subject akin to it not unfrequently appears in the decorative treatment of the running scroll as a tree bearing bunches of fruit, on which birds and beasts are feeding. The subjects in the two panels at the extremities of the arms of the cross are more obscure, but that on the right may be the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham. There is an altar placed between the two figures. The smaller figure is in the act of placing something (the wood) on the altar. The larger figure holds a knife or sword in the right hand, while with the left he grasps the youthful figure by the hair, as in the act to slay him. On one of the crosses at Ullard the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham is similarly placed. The subject is repeated, with variations, on four other Irish crosses, the ram, the angel, and the thicket certi-



fying the indentivity of the group. There are, however, early examples in which all the accessories are left out, and the group is reduced to two figures, one threatening the other with a knife or sword. The subject in the other arm of the cross seems to be also one of those which were represented by the action of two principal figures, with the accessories left out, thus rendering its identification so much the more difficult from the absence of distinctive features. The group in the upper part of the shaft—the Virgin and Child, with two angels shadowing the central figure with one wing each, while the other wing droops by the side—is not open to doubt. The angels are clothed like those in the summit of the cross, and the Virgin seated and crowned.

But the ornamentation of the cross is not less interesting than its symbolism. On the obverse the ornamentation and symbolism are almost evenly balanced, while on the reverse the symbolism (if there be any) is entirely subordinated to the ornamentation, which is carried out with an intensity of elaboration and refinement thoroughly characteristic of Celtic work. The scheme of decoration is on both faces similar. A ropework border is carried along the outlines of the cross, and the central space is filled by a circular moulding of the same kind, which just touches the inward curves at the intersections of the shaft, arms and summit, and is, of course, concentric with the larger circle of the 'glory' which binds all together. The whole surface is then divided into fifteen panels (counting the central figure in each case as one panel) or separate spaces, each filled with a complete design. On the obverse, six of these are filled with symbolic figure subjects, and nine with patterns of ornament. The central figure has a boss in the middle of the space, projecting fully  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches. This boss is formed of interlacements of the legs and bodies of four lacterian creatures, whose heads project at the four corners. Round the boss on the flat is an interlacement of two strands, with a figure-of-eight knot. Next to the central circle are three panels or spaces, two in the arms and one in the shaft, filled with patterns made up of bosses formed of the interknitted bodies of serpents,

the anterior portion of their bodies escaping and curving away on the flat to form borders and divisions of the patterns. Underneath the group of the Virgin and Child is a long panel on the shaft, filled with a beautiful and elaborate pattern, symmetrically formed of five groups of triple spirals, the members of which escape and re-enter, while the flat spaces between the principal members are filled with a diaper of escaping spirals derived from these, which run into bosses, wind up to their centres, and again escape to run off on the flat and form other bosses, so that the whole of the sculpture is built up on a kind of mathematical plan, and every detail is dependent upon and connected with all the rest in a system of spiral curves. The elaborate ingenuity of this species of decoration is only understood after an attempt has been made to reconstruct its details on the flat by the analogy of similar patterns, which may be studied in the illuminated pages of the *Book of Lindisfarne*, as shown in the palæographical Society's fac-similes.

Turning now to the reverse, the two lower panels on the shaft are treated as one design, symmetrically arranged in two parts, the one of which repeats and balances the other, but with some variations in the arrangement and in the details. Each part consists of a pattern made by four larger and four smaller bosses arranged round a central boss, with a triplet of still smaller bosses in each of the spaces between the larger ones. Two of the four larger bosses in each case have an open concavity at the top, in the centre of which is a little boss or prominence. All the larger bosses are constructed of the interknotted posterior portions of the bodies of serpents, the anterior portions of which escape from the bottom of the boss and curve away on the flat to form the interlacing border lines that enclose and complete the design. The wasting of the stone (though this side is less weathered than the other) makes it uncertain whether the smaller bosses are not also made up of the more attenuated portions of the interlacing serpents, but there is no doubt that this is the theory of the design (as shown by the similar work on the cross-slab at Nigg), and the Celtic sculptor

never shrank from a detail which was clearly involved in the construction of his design. The upper panel on the lower part of the shaft is filled with a design composed of bosses, formed by a series of escaping spirals proceeding from a central boss, having a hollow in the top with a triplet of small bosses in its interior. In this case again, every detail of the design is connected with all the others, the spirals, which form the diaper over the flat surface, rising to the top of each of the bosses and running the reverse way, to escape again at the bottom and curve along to form another boss. Round the circle enclosing the great central boss are four lions, carved in very high relief, the two in the arms facing each other, but the two in the shaft and summit both facing upwards. The heads of all four are gone, the tails of the two in the arms have the conventional wave over the back, while those of the two in the shaft and summit sweep down on the flat and curve away to mingle with the serpentine interlacements there.

The four large bosses, viz., the great central boss and the three in the extremities of the arms and summit, are formed in the same way as the others, of the bodies of serpents interlaced or knitted up, the heads and anterior portions escaping to form interlacements on the flat. Four lacterian animals with heads turned backwards biting their own tails are added to complete the design in the summit of the cross. The ring or 'glory' uniting the shaft, arms, and summit, which is less weather-worn on this side, shows the alternating patterns of interlaced work and fretwork in the four quadrants."

The church itself measures about 56½ feet long by 20 feet wide and its walls are three feet thick. There is a certain symmetry in the arrangement of the walls of the church which is somewhat uncommon. It consists of ten layers of large rudely shaped stones with lines of small stones between. The doors which are on the north and south sides still show the long bolt holes. The windows, except those on the east wall, are rounded. The doors and windows were originally faced with white sandstone. Fragments of plaster still adhere to all the walls.

Two pieces of slab lean against the north wall outside the church. One represents a hunter equipped with a horn attacking, spear in hand, an animal beset by two dogs. A little along the wall from the aforementioned and just beside the door is a large basin or font.

Going into the interior of the church we find that the altar stood at the eastern end. There is still to be seen on the south side the small basin and water drain through which the priest emptied the water in which he washed his hands and rinsed the chalice. The piscina, here, is more ornate than usual. It is composed of two stones, the lower one being the basin with its drain, the upper one forming a niche.

A stone which has been built into the south wall is noticeable from the detail in execution and the height of the relief. At the top right hand corner is a figure in a niche, and below the elbow on the same side is a dog. The significance of these figures must be left to conjecture.

The next noteworthy stone is also of a knight, and lies quite adjacent. Graham declares that "this is the only stone in Islay where the full length figure of a warrior is carved in low relief. The head rests on a cushion, which is also an unusual feature, though it occurs again in this churchyard. I have failed to read the inscription, though I think there is HIC JACET to the left of the helmet, ALAN (S) ORLETT to the right, and a name which might be Maclain running along the right side. I offer this suggestion, however, with the greatest diffidence."

A very interesting grave is that of Charles MacArthur of Proaig. MacArthur's love of the chase is symbolised on his gravestone. A gun, with the curiously carved stock of the period, a powder horn and a dog can easily be traced. The stone is of unusual length, being 6 feet 6 inches. Round the edge of the stone is the following inscription:—"HEAR LYES CHARL MC ARTHOR WHO LIVED IN PROAIG AND DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE FIFTEEN DAY OF FEBRVAREY 1692 YEARS."

Stories of MacArthur's extraordinary precision as a marksman are still current in Islay. MacArthur is one of the most outstanding names in Scottish clan



*Photo by Archd. Cameron. Bowmore.*

*KILDALTON CROSS.*

# Glasgow Islay Association.

---

Membership of An Comunn Ileach, Glasgow Islay Association, is open to natives of Islay and to their descendants, to persons married to Islay natives, and to those who acquire a home in Islay.

One of the foremost Highland organisations in the city, it has a splendid record, thanks to its many patrons at home and abroad, and its social and benevolent work is equalled only by its value as a rallying-ground for all interested in Islay, its people and its traditions. The preservation of the literature of Islay and the fostering of Celtic interests generally make the claims of the Society paramount to all true sons and daughters and friends of the Island.

The Office-bearers for 1924-1925 include in its list of patrons

HUGH MORRISON, Esq. of Islay;  
COLIN E. HAY, Esq., Ardbeg;  
DUNCAN CAMPBELL, Esq., of London;  
Sir P. J. MACKIE, Bart., of Gleneasdeil.

## *Honorary Presidents are*

Rev. DUGALD CLARK, B.D., J.P., Springburn  
WILLIAM CAMPBELL, Esq., Hillhead; [Parish Church;  
JOHN MACDOUGALL, Esq., Partick.

Full particulars as to aims and objects may be had from—

Mr. JOHN MACTAGGART, *President*, 50 Kersland Street,  
Hillhead;  
Mr. NEIL BELL, *Treasurer*, 6 Edgemont Gardens,  
Langside;  
Mr. WILLIAM CAMPBELL, *Secretary*, 611 Argyle Street,  
Glasgow.

*Secretary to Ladies' Sewing Guild*—Miss ISA BELL,  
30 Willowbank Street.

Annual Subscription: Gentlemen, 1/6; Ladies, 1/-.

Donations to the Benevolent Fund will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

The Annual Gathering of Natives and Friends which is held early in March, in Grand St. Andrew's Halls, takes the form of a Highland Concert and Dance.

history. The ancient chief of the MacArthurs of Proaig in the reign of James I. could bring 1000 men into the field. The MacArthurs were hereditary pipers to the MacDonalds of Islay and the Isles.

“ Cnoic is uillt is Ailpeanaich ;  
Ach c'uin a thàinig Artaraich.”

*i.e.*

Hills, streams, and MacAlpines are contemporaries,  
But when did the MacArthurs come.

The landmark called MacArthur's Head lying to the north of Proaig perpetuates the memory of the chief of the Clan Artair in Islay.

One of the sculptured stones which lie west of the railed-in-tomb outside the church is carved with the design of a sword surrounded with scroll work. Strange figures occupy the space on either side of the hilt, and an animal, curious and grotesque is cut to the left of the blade. The plaiting at the top is arranged with great ingenuity.

The stone lying to the east of the foregoing is also of remarkable interest. It represents two warriors deeply incised in a canopied niche, their heads supported on cushions. Below the figures is a fine foliated scroll. The bottom part of the stone is occupied by a galley in full sail.

Quite outside the churchyard another cross crowns a small knoll not far from the gate. It stands six feet above the grass. The top and transverse arms are ornamented with a simple yet effective geometrical design of interlacing bands.

## Distances.

Port Ellen to Bowmore,	-	-	-	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	miles.
Port Ellen to Bridgend,	-	-	-	11	miles.
Port Ellen to Lagavulin,	-	-	-	2 $\frac{3}{4}$	miles.
Port Ellen to Kildalton Churchyard,	-	-	-	8	miles.
Bowmore to Bridgend,	-	-	-	3	miles.
Bridgend to Port Askaig,	-	-	-	8	miles.
Bridgend to Finlaggan,	-	-	-	5	miles.
Bridgend to Port Charlotte,	-	-	-	8	miles.
Port Charlotte to Portnahaven,	-	-	-	7	miles.
Port Ellen <i>via</i> Bridgend to Portnahaven,	-	-	-	26	miles.



# The Sculptured Stones of Kilarrow.

---

Under the broad and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie;  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse ye grave for me:  
Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.

*Requiem.*

—R. L. Stevenson.

AT a distance of three miles from Bowmore is Bridgend, a most picturesque and central village, situated on the edge of the woods which surround Islay House. Within a few yards of this sylvan retreat lies the holy-soiled churchyard of Kilarrow, containing nearly a score of carved stones of great age and beauty.

If we begin at the north-west corner of this graveyard, that is, furthest from the gate, we find a stone which bears on its borders the following inscription: HEER LYES THE CHILDREN OF DAVID FRASER VIZ JAMES DANIEL CHARLES MARY SIMON AND JEAN DUF HIS WYF. Graham in *The Carved Stones of Islay* refers to the carving as follows: "I think there can hardly be any doubt that some of the work on this stone is older than the date, 1618, which is carved at the top. The scroll to the right of the rapier seems to be very different from the thistles and roses on the left and the skull, crossbones and hour-glass below. The cinquefoils introduced into the scroll on the left form part of the armorial bearings of the Frasers of Lovat, with whom this David Fraser may perhaps have been connected. The cinquefoil does not, however, appear on the shield, which can with difficulty be traced at the top of the stone."



The work on the next stone represents a Priest. It is carved in high relief. To indicate his ecclesiastical character he wears an alb and over it an embroidered chasuble. The chasuble was a circular garment of one piece without sleeves, or opening in front, but with a hole in the centre for the head to pass through. It was made of various materials, often wool. Although at first worn by the common people, it was retained by the clergy after it had passed out of popular use, and came to be regarded as a characteristic of them. The alb was a white garment used by the priest in performing the more solemn functions of his office. Traces of an inscription, now almost obliterated, can be made out above. The space below the figure is filled with a delicately executed design.

A little to the east of this stone lie four others in a row. The first has on it the representation of a warrior, the second is broken but tracings of a sword discernible, the third also bears the design of a sword surrounded by scroll-work of great beauty, while the fourth depicts a warrior in full chain armour. Pennant refers to the first and the third of those stones in the following terms:—

“ The two most remarkable gravestones are one of a warrior in a close vest and sleeves with a sort of philabeg to his knees, and the covering of his head of a conic form like the *Bared* of the Ancient Irish; a sword in his hand and a dirk by his side. The other has on it a great sword, a beautiful running pattern of foliage round it, and a griffin, a lion and another animal at one end; near to them is a plain tablet, whether intended to be engraven or whether, like Peter Papin, Lord of Utrique, he was a new knight and wanted a device, must remain undetermined.”

East of this group is a remarkable stone, which perhaps stands first among the sculptured stones in the churchyard for the elaboration of the design, and the delicate tracery of its carving. Unfortunately, like many stones in this and other ancient graveyards, it has been defaced by later inscriptions. It represents a sword surrounded by interlacing scroll-work,

Near the gate is another stone of great beauty. The carving here also represents a sword. The scroll-work on each side of the blade terminates in a representation of lion-like quadrupeds, while on the left side of the handle is a griffin, and on the opposite side is a stag.

The stones described by no means exhaust the contents of this interesting burial place, and the archæologist can find several others which repay inspection.



# The Battle of Traigh Gruineart.

---

THE STORY OF THE BATTLE, THE THREE-  
FOLD PROPHECY, THE HIGHLAND NURSE,  
THE BLACK DWARF, AND THE ARRAN CHIEF.

---

We travelled in the print of olden wars;  
Yet all the land was green;  
And love we found, and peace  
Where fire and war had been.

—R. L. Stevenson.

TRADITION may be less reliable than history, and human sympathy, and genealogical relationships ultimately more ephemeral, yet its local colour, give it all the subtle charm of a personal narrative. While history is cold, colourless and facty, with an aloofness which, although scientific, is yet lifeless, tradition is living, warm, romantic, and makes the closer, the more direct, appeal. History robs the story of the personality of the teller and is to tradition as a technical diagram is to a beautiful picture.

Hence it is that the BATTLE OF GRUINEART STRAND seems so recent to an Islayman. It is difficult for one hearing the story in Islay for the first time to believe that this battle was fought more than three hundred years ago; fought, in fact, in the 'spacious days' of Good Queen Bess.

It was fought between the Macleans of Mull and the MacDonalds of Islay, each side led by the chief in person. Sir James MacDonald was much the younger man and was a nephew of Sir Lauchlan MacLean. Both had been innured to scenes of blood from boyhood. While little less than a boy Maclean had caused the beheading of his uncle Hector without trial or warrant, and even while the battle was going on,

Sir Angus MacDonald, father of Sir James, was held prisoner by his undutiful son and was lying in irons in Smerbie Castle, Kintyre. Both, too, were noted for their physical endowments. Under MacLean the clan had risen to great power and influence in the Isles.

THE CAUSE.—The cause of the dispute was the ownership of some of the lands of Islay. Sir Lauchlan, who was a son-in-law of the Earl of Glencairn and therefore powerful at court, had gained a concession from the king of some of the land held by MacDonald, and came to Islay to take possession. Sir James MacDonald, on the other hand, was persecuted with the utmost severity, and in spite of all that can be said against him, it must be granted that he was very much ill-used and particularly unfortunate.

A meeting was agreed upon and the parties met at the head of Loch Gruineart. MacDonald strove to avoid a conflict, offered concessions and even proposed arbitration. The haughty temper of MacLean would have none of it, and spite of all the entreaties of his friends, would hear of nothing but absolute and abject surrender. The conference broke up and both sides prepared for battle. It was the bloodiest battle in the history of clan feuds. The MacDonalds were inferior in numbers. An eminence overlooking the level fen land was of great strategic importance. Both parties strove to occupy it. MacDonald withdrew a portion of his men, as if in retreat, made a flank movement, gained the height, charged the MacLeans and threw them into hopeless confusion.

MacLean, with four score of his kinsmen and two hundred of his common soldiers were killed. The military genius which he had so conspicuously displayed on the disastrous field of Glenlivat failed him signally in this, his last of many battles. Of the MacDonalds thirty only were killed and sixty wounded, including Sir James. Fleeing from the battlefield, a party of the MacLeans took refuge in Kilnave Church. To this sanctuary they were pursued, hemmed in, and burned with the church.

Many interesting stories of this battle are still told in Islay.

THE THREEFOLD WARNING.—They say that before MacLean set out from Mull he consulted a woman who had the *second sight*. She gave him a triple warning; he was not to land in Islay on a Thursday, he was not to drink of a certain spring, and he was not to fight beside Loch Gruineart. A storm compelled him to ignore the first; the second he inadvertently disobeyed, and as both sides had gathered at Loch Gruineart for the conference, and as the ground around was suitable, Sir Lauchlan had, perforce, to transgress the third.

THE HIGHLAND NURSE.—The coronach was heard in the glens of Mull when the tidings of disaster reached the island. When the foster-mother of MacLean learned that the body of the chief lay unburied on the moorland, she came with another woman to perform the last duty.

Putting the body on a rough sledge they set out for Kilchoman Churchyard, a young lad, the son of MacLean's foster-mother, driving. Now the sledge was too small for the gigantic stature of the dead chief, and as it jolted over the rough road the dead man's head nodded as if in life. The young man, looking over his shoulder, saw this and laughed. He laughed but once. Such disrespect for the mighty slain, her beloved chief, flamed the fury of the faithful Highland nurse. Leaning forward, she grasped the chieftain's dirk and plunged it in the heart of her own child.

THE BLACK DWARF.—Before the engagement Sir Lauchlan was drinking at the fateful spring, the Well of Queer Neil, when there came to him a little dark man who offered his services in the fight. Now MacLean was a man of gigantic strength and the body of a Hercules. He looked down contemptuously on the little man and told him he didn't mind what side he fought on. The inordinate conceit, characteristic of the diminutive, was hurt by Sir Lauchlan's contempt, and the dwarf then made the same offer to Sir James MacDonald.

"Will I accept your help" said Sir James, "why I'd be glad of a hundred like you."

"Well," said the little fellow, "you see to the others, I'll settle MacLean." MacLean, clad in steel

from head to foot fought, as always, at the head of his men. The fight was fierce and long. All day long, while the tide of battle ebbed and flowed, the little fellow kept following MacLean, biding his time. At last he planted himself in a milk-white thorn and from it saw Sir Lauchlan raise his vizor. Instantly an arrow struck him in the forehead at the division of the hair and came out at the back of his head. It was said to be one of those arrows known as Elf-bolts.

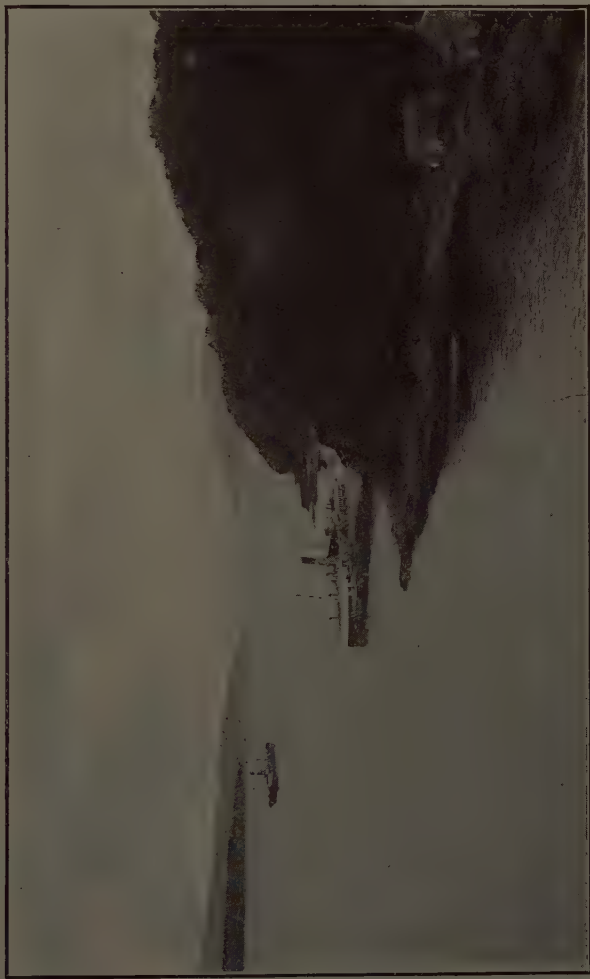
Now when Sir James learned that his uncle was dead he was sorry, and inquired who had killed him.

"It was I," said the little man, "who killed your enemy, and unless I had killed him he would have killed you."

"What is your name?" said Sir James.

"I am called *Du Sith* (Black Fairy), and you were better to have me with you than against you."

THE ARRAN CHIEF.—An Arran chief, hastening to help MacDonald, and landing on the east coast of Islay, had to cross the Islay hills to take part in the fray. As he stood upon the summit he saw across the intervening sea the splintered peaks of his own beloved island blue against the sky. Carried away by the flood of tender associations he paused before descending—lingering to look. Then he bethought him of the uncertain issue of the coming conflict, and, grizzled warrior that he was, charged his men that if he should fall in the battle they should bring his body to that place and bury him within sight of his home.



SOUND OF ISLAY. Photo by Archd. Cameron, Bowmore.

# THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND

are unsurpassed in Europe for Scenery and for Historical and Romantic Interest.

---

Travel by the Royal Route Steamers from Glasgow for

ROTHESAY	STAFFA & IONA
KYLES OF BUTE	FORT WILLIAM
TARBERT	CALEDONIAN CANAL
ISLAY	INVERNESS
ARDRISHAIG	MULL
CRINAN CANAL	SKYE
OBAN	LEWIS, Etc.

---

## A WHOLE DAY'S SAIL

By the "Columba" or "Iona."

GLASGOW to ARDRISHAIG and Back via KYLES OF BUTE (180 miles).

CABIN FARE: 7/6; or including Breakfast, Dinner and Plain Tea in Cabin, 14s.  
FORE CABIN FARE: 5s.; or including Breakfast, Dinner and Plain Tea in Fore Cabin, 11s.

---

## GRAND CRUISES

Through the Sheltered Waters  
and Finest Scenery of the WEST HIGHLANDS

By the Steamer "Claymore."

FARE. Including Meals and Sleeping Accommodation, £9 0s. 0d. for Trip occupying about 7 days, but any meals supplied after 8 days for Tourists will be charged at the rate of 10s. per day.

---

OFFICIAL GUIDE BOOK (Illustrated) 1/-.  
100

TOURIST PROGRAMME which contains Time Tables, and List of Fares, free by post on application to the owners—

David MacBrayne, Ltd., 119 Hope St., Glasgow

Telegraphic Address—"Macbrayne, Glasgow."



# Dunyvaig.

## AN ANCIENT STRONGHOLD OF THE MACDONALDS.

And sudden close before them showed  
His towers, Tantallon vast;  
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,  
And held impregnable in war,  
On a projecting rock they rose,  
And round three sides the ocean flows,  
The fourth did battled walls enclose,  
And double mound and fosse.

Here was square keep, there turret high,  
Or pinnacle that sought the sky,  
Whence oft the warder could descry  
The gathering ocean-storm.

—Scott.

“ At the east side of this place (Lagavulin) there is a tower or castle known as Dun Naomhaig. This castle is built on a large rock which is surrounded by the sea on all sides except the north. There are still on it the remains of many old houses that have been built for barracks and store houses; some of the cellars and a baker's house are still visible here. There is a very strong wall on the north side between the castle and the barracks, and the side walls of a large gate are still standing. This gate is called the iron gate, and it is reported here that the fort was supplied with water from a small river that ran past the end of the manse and that it was conducted in pipes under the sea across the bay to the distance of about half a mile. There is a large store room at the top of the fort and here the gun ports are entire. On the north side of this room there is an earthen mound which is very thick; and it appears to have been built up to the top of the fort as a kind of defence to that part of the building, for the north is the only place where an enemy could make an attack on the fort. There is a high hill on the west side of the bay opposite to this fort, where there was also a tower for the defence of Dun Naomhaig, and as both places are nearly the same height, and only about a distance of about a quarter of a mile from each other, it was an easy matter to prevent small vessels coming to this place, for no vessels that draw more than six or seven feet of water can come here at any time.”—*Statistical Account of Scotland*.

THROUGH what changes of fortune and fashion, through what shocks of tempest and battle have its venerable towers stood? They were there, these old walls, when William the Conqueror led his rapscallion army across England, and through all the years between. This soil and these stones have been sunned with the smiles and saturated with the tears—aye, and the blood, of generations passed away. Time and weather have thickened the dark glistening ivy and tinted the stones with crotal and completed the dilapidation the guns of Leslie began; and to-day Dunyvaig stands in crumbling ruins,

“Tenantless save by the crannyng breeze.”

It would be impossible, except in the compass of many volumes, to give even a small part of the tragic history of this famous stronghold, bound up as it is intimately in the story of Islay and the Isles. In the final chapter of the long Iliad of its misfortunes, the unscrupulous malevolence of the Bishop of the Isles and the shameful treachery of the Duke of Argyle were matched only by the sordid avarice of Campbell of Calder, who took the castle finally.

The most picturesque figure in the story is Coll Mac-Gillespick. He is famous in Highland tradition as Coll Ciotach, Coll the Left Handed, the hero of many a tale.

On the 1st February, 1615, Dunyvaig was bombarded by a large force under Sir Oliver Lambert. Next day after an attempt at compromise, the fort was surrendered. That night Coll Ciotach and his men made their escape by boat. The boat, however, proved leaky and they were obliged to land. Six of them were captured and executed, but the elusive Coll escaped. Eight of the principal chiefs of the west were given commissions of fire and sword against him, but he led them, hide and seek, round the Western Isles. A man-of-war sent after him had no better success.

Tradition has it that on one occasion when, like a hare returning to its home, Coll was approaching

Dunyvaig and, as it happened, coming straight into the jaws of a trap, his brother, a famous piper, warned him of the ambushade. He stood up on a mound at the seaward side of Dunyvaig and played the well-known air, "*A Cholla, mu rùin.*" An enemy slashed the piper across the hand, severing the little finger. Now it is a fact in pipe playing that five fingers of one hand are necessary and only four of the other, but it was the essential little finger that was severed. But the brother of Coll, so the story goes, stoically changed hands and played on undaunted. Coll understood the warning and escaped once more. He was, however, ultimately captured, tried by a jury of Campbells, and was hung from the mast of his own galley placed over the cleft of a rock at the castle of Dunstaffnage. He made the last request, when on the scaffold, to be buried beside the Duke of Argyle that they might have a snuff together.

Dunyvaig was the favourite stronghold of the Lords of the Isles, and Lords of Dunyvaig and the Glens was their usual title.



# The Literature of Islay.

"The soul of a nation resides in its song."

—Blackie.

ISLAY has contributed its fair share to literature. Mr. Neil MacAlpine is renowned as a lexicographer, being to the study of Gaelic what Dr. Samuel Johnson was to the English-speaking world. The roll of fame includes such names as John F. Campbell of Islay, Thomas Pattison, John Murdoch (editor of *The Highlander*), Dr. William MacDonald, and Mr. Alex. MacGilvray (the rhyming baker of Paisley), besides Charles Campbell of Kinnibus whose "Fuirich a Ribhinn" is equalled only in popularity by the well-known effusion of John MacMillan, Kilchoman, from whose pen the following stanza is taken :

"Cuir a ruin dillis, dillis, dillis,  
Cuir a ruin dillis tharum do lamh—  
Do dha shuil ghorm mheallach a mhealadh nam miltean,  
'S column gun chli nach tugadh dhuit gradh."  
"Fhuair mise cuireadh a dh' fhagail na tire  
O fhear a bha dileas domh ann an daimh;  
'S cha b'urrainn mi ghabhail 'smo chridh'ann an Ile  
Glaist' aig an nionaig fharasda, bhain."  
Cuir a ruin dillis, etc.  
"Tha Fortan 'us Freasdal a' coimhead a cheile,  
'S fhuair mise greim a nist ort air laimh—  
Tha thu gu farasda, lan do dheadh' bheusan—  
'S guidhe na Cleir gu'm maireadh tu slàn."  
Cuir a ruin dillis, etc.

The Islayman of to-day is more familiar with the works of recent or modern writers among whom we would specially note

## WILLIAM LIVINGSTONE.

Born at Gartmain in 1808, he was in early life a herd boy, but by dint of perseverance he escaped from the drudgery of farm work to take up English and Celtic literature. He built round himself a veritable linguistic

armoury—having studied Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Welsh and French—and his studies were turned to advantage in his remarkable excursions into his “Vindication of the Celtic character.” It is, however, by his poetry that he is better known. Every line of it is tempered in the fire of genius. He throws a glamour of romance over the familiar places of our beloved island in his chronicle or narrative poetry. There is a tendency with narrative poetry to run into the channel of mediocre monotone but under the master guidance of Livingstone the poetic craft is steered through the assailing storm, through beautiful seas that border shining western strands, through every phase of elemental impulse with the gigantic equanimity of genius. He knows his beloved land intimately, reveres in a worshipful silence every nook and cranny of it and later bursts into a tuneful exposition of the feats of glory and honour it has known. Many a day will pass over our heads till we again encounter a Gaelic poet of the intellectual calibre and moral fibre of William Livingstone of Gartmain.

His best known long poems are—“Na Lochlannaich an Ile,” “Cath Monadh Bhraca,” “Blàr Dhail Rìgh,” “Blàr Shunadail,” “Blàr Thràigh Ghruineart.”

RANN MARBH-THAISG IAIN LUIM, AM BARD ABRACH.

Iain Luim 'san òrdugh 's tu'n seachdamh,  
 Le roinn aon còrr mar a chleachd thu  
 Craon, creadhail, crosda, creasgoin, creapall, contraill,  
 Crearal, crasgach, reasgach, crearadh, cointtibh,  
 Clòth, cluach, clothach, babhunn brislich,  
 Ailleart, aichilleach, ailbhinn, do-bhristidh,  
 Broisg, braightseil, brodach, brollaigh, brianna, breangail,  
 Breas-cholbh, breaslainn, breas, breasda, breas-rod, cainnte,  
 Sheas thu t'aonar an goil boile fad do làithean,  
 'S gheibheadh do nàmhaid 's do charaid thu far am fàgt' thu.

—Livingstone.

### Dr. NIGEL MACNEILL.

Nigel MacNeill wrote widely on philological and ethnological matters and the merit of his contributions was recognised by the bestowal on him of a Doctorate

of Laws. He is the author of a comprehensive and interesting history of the literature of the Celts.

Of "Neniae," the author says in his dedicatory inscription to his brother, the Rev. John George Macneill of Cawdor—"These occasional effusions of mine, a few of which you may have read in MS. are of a medley character as their Roman title indicates. They are neither wholly religious, nor wholly sentimental, nor wholly secular; the undecided spirit that pervades them marks out vaguely the dim outlines of what the author's mind *once* was.

Some of them are characteristically juvenile, being written when I was very young; others are perhaps rather circumscribed in their nature; but a few can, I trust, present hues of general interest. Be they good, bad, or indifferent, I have no objection to see them in print as they are almost the only pieces I have composed in Gaelic, and are likely to be the only offering I may be able to render to the Celtic muse. They may possess in many instances no poetical conception, but I have attempted to avoid as much as possible the fatal beaten-track poetizing of so many modern Gaelic versifiers."

We append a short poem "Aonarachd," which for structural merit, artistic conception and emotional content we consider among his best.

#### AONARACHD.

'S muladach a bha mi  
'N uair a bha mi fàgail  
Eòlach agus chàirdean  
    'Bha cho làn de bhàigh.  
O's fhad is cianail  
Leam gach oidhche 's là!

'N uair ni sgàil na h-oidhche  
Dorchadas d' ar soillse  
Cia mar 's urrainn aoibhneas  
    Boillsgeadh orm gu tlàth?  
O's fhad is cianail  
Leam gach oidhche 's là!

Nach e'n t-ioghnadh mòr e  
Mise bhi a'm' chòmhnuidh  
'M aonar 'mullach mòinntich,  
    Làmh ri mòr-chnuic àrd'.  
O's fhad is cianail  
Leam gach oidhche 's là!

Ach na 'n d' fhan thu ghràdhag  
Maille rium 's an fhàrdaich  
Bhiodh mo chridh' ri gàire  
    'Fàilteachadh do làimh.  
O's fhad is cianail  
Leam gach oidhche 's là!

"Neniae," by NIGEL MACNEILL.

## HECTOR MACLEAN, M.A.I.

Hector MacLean, as his monument there bears witness, was a parochial schoolmaster in Ballygrant, Islay, and in his day was reckoned an expert in Celtic Philology. A succinct description of the man and his personality is given by John Murdoch who was an intimate friend of his. Of him Murdoch says: "He is a thoroughly scientific man, can speak on any branch whatever; and not as a mere prating pedant, but in a real masterly manner. He has ancient and modern history completely at his finger ends; and can explain all the various combinations of circumstances which go to form the main causes of the events therein set forth, with as great ease, as he would explain the arithmetical rule of three. He can enter into the various ramifications of races and languages, explaining their origin and peculiarities, their affinities and aversions. In short, he is a man in every way qualified for a professorship, in any of our universities, and one is very much disposed to blame him for remaining in a situation in which he is neither appreciated nor remunerated, and in which any one may guess, he is not at all in his proper element, dealing for ever with mere children about letters and syllables, when he is qualified and disposed to hold converse with master-minds on the most profound and momentous subjects, and eminently fitted constitutionally and educationally for advancing the best interests of science and philosophy."

We who have the advantage of seeing his work in perspective can fully homologate Murdoch's remarks, and Maclean's translatory effort given under serves to point out his strong Celtic tendencies and to show the scrupulous care taken in the translation towards retaining the spirit of the piece. He is primarily a poet and secondarily a translator. He never allows himself to be drawn into a slavishly meticulous creed of word for word interpretation and the wide sweep of his genius over his canvas endows it with a permanent and enduring mellow tone.

## CUCHULLIN IN HIS CHARIOT.

What do we see in that chariot?—

We see, in that chariot,

The horses; which are white-headed, white-hoofed, slender-legged,

Fine-haired, sturdy, imperious;

Satin-bannered, wide-chested;

~~Small-eyed, small-haired, small-eared;~~

Large-hearted, large-shaped, large-nostriled;

Slender-waisted, long-bodied,—and they are foal-like;

Handsome, playful, brilliant, wild-leaping;

Which are called the *Dubh-seimhlinn*.—

—Hector Maclean.

The bardic race is not yet extinct in the Island. Modern Islay Bards include Archd. N. Currie, Port Charlotte; Duncan MacNiven, Kilchoman; and Duncan Johnston of Lagavulin, all of whom, from time to time, produce exquisite verse.

Mr. Archd. N. Currie's poems published under the title of "Hebrid Echoes" were favourably reviewed and enjoyed a large circulation, especially in Highland circles. Mr. Currie has inherited the gentle melancholy and elusive sadness of the Celt, and the melody and rhythmic cadence of his verses are heightened by his mellifluous diction and facility in word-painting. Since the issue of his first volume, our talented poet has written about a hundred further poems which we hope may enjoy an even greater measure of deserved popularity, should he see fit to publish these together with his interesting series of studies delivered as lectures on Celtic themes.

## STEPPING.

A blithe step, a lithe step,	With liquid music sweet
That's swinging long and free,	That sways unto the sea,
A high step, a spry step	With soft refrain to greet
Will lead us to the sea.	Its morn-sheened majesty!

We feel the blood of Spring	We seek the siren voice
Soft circle in our veins:	Wherever it doth go:
The fronded hillcotes ring	We have no other choice
To simple brooklet strains;	Its lure is meet, and so—

And we must follow on	A blithe step, a lithe step
When softly call the streams;	That's swinging long and free;
How grandly in the dawn	A high step, a spry step,
They wind around our dreams	And we shall reach the sea.



Mr. Duncan Johnston left Islay some years ago, but absence from his native isle has not in the least damped his poetic ardour, and his literary contributions to the press are regular, each one being stamped with the hallmark of excellence. He has given his musings expression in prose and in poetry. Mr Johnston's prose is mainly humorous—a good example being, “Anna Bheag nan Coileach.” His poetry becomes endued with a graver quality on the whole and his verse is sonorous of a condensed epic structure.

His best poems are: “Failte 'n Eilthireach,” “Teachd an t-Samhraidh”; “Trom-luidhe Chaluim Tailleir”; “Cumha Eabh”; “Aoir air na h-Eoin” and

#### MARBH-RANN DO NIALL MACLEOID.

Chaidh sgeula troi'n tìr so 'dh'fhag mìltean fo phramh,  
Mo léireadh 'bhi 'g innseadh an nì sin 'tha cràit';  
An treun-fhear ro-phriseal do chinneadh nan sàr;  
Do'n eug rinn e strìochdadh, 's tha e sìnte fo'n làr.

Air fraoch-bheann nan stùc chualas giùcail a' bhròin,  
'S a' ghaoth-mhór a' diùltainn a ghiulan le 'deòin.  
Ghuil a' chaoiteach gu tìrsach, sgùir buileach na h-eoin  
'S thaom Cu-chuilinn nan sruthan fo churrachd de'n cheò.

Chrom gach maoth-bhileag chubhraidh 'san uair sin an cinn  
Co nis a bheir cliù dhaibh? o 'n dh'fhalbh is nach till  
Am Bàrd fileanta, speileanta, ealanta, binn—  
Am fear macanta, bàigheil, balbh anns a' chill.

Cha'n fhaicear e tuille aig Faidhir no Mòd—  
Mo gheur-lot, an curaidh, 'bhi na laidhe fo'n fhòid.  
Tha MacTalla ag aithris le fann-ghuth gun treòir:  
“Cha mhaireann, cha mhaireann, cha mhaireann MacLeòid!”

Cha mhaireann an gaisgeach a sheasadh 'sa chàs,  
Chaill a' Ghàidhlig cùl-taice nach fhaigh i gu bràth  
Thuirt e rithe 's i meata: “Na biodh géilt ort no sgàth  
Cha'n aontaich mi 'm feasda gu'm faigh thu am bàs.”

Dh'fhag e dileab 'na dhéidh nach tuigear a luach  
Am feadh bhios fileadh na gaoith mu mhullach nan cruach,  
Dh'fhag e mìltean 'ga chaoidh mu dheas is mu thuath.  
Mo mhi-ghean 's mo léireadh gu'm feumar a luaidh.

Co 'ghleusas a' chlarsach? Co thogas am fonn?  
Co 'dhuiseas a' cheòlraidh bho 'suain-chadal trom?  
Co 'sheinneas le caithream air euchdan nan sonn?  
Mo sgaradh! Mo sgaradh! Geur-acaid 'nam chom.

A MhicLeòid! A MhicLeòid! Fhir gun ghò is gun bheud.  
 Fhir mhodhail, chiùin, chòir, fhir fhoghluinte, ghleusd',  
 Fhir mhòr a measg slòigh; theich m' aighear 's mo ghleus,  
 Bho nach d' fhag thu do choimeas 's an àl so ad dhèigh.

Tha leann-dubh agus iargain air lìonadh nan gleann.  
 Cumhadh dubhach is tuireadh air "Filidh nam Beann."  
 Mo dhùil anns an Tì 'chaidh gu bàs air a' chrann,  
 E 'thoirt furtachd is sìth do'n bhantrach 's do'n chlann.

A' gheug a b' aille 'san fhlonan, rinn cinntinn cho àrd,  
 Lùb measan a sios i, 's bu rìomhach a blàth,  
 Rinn aois mhòr tro' linnteann a crìonadh bho bàrr,  
 'S rinn fuar-ghaoth nan siantan a bristeadh gu làr.

Mo dhòlas 'bhi 'g aithris thu bhi marbh 'san fheadail,  
 Mo shòlas, a charaid, gu'm bheil t'anam glé bheò,  
 Gu'n còmhlaich sinn fhathast, tha mo dhòchas ro-mhòr,  
 An còisir nam Flaitheas 'tha seinn ann an glòir.

Mr. Duncan MacNiven, popularly called Am Bard Ileach, is well-known and enjoys a pre-eminent local prestige. He has written poetry and poetry alone for a considerable number of years. He is a regular competitor at the Mod, and it is interesting to note that at a recent Mod in Glasgow he secured first place for his humorous poem. Mr. MacNiven is very impartial in his satiric verses, every personality coming within range of his mild, accusing eye, being subjected to the even-handed poetic justice which he metes out rigorously. Every petty sham is noted by his observant eye and there is no escape from his castigative wit. Mr. MacNiven's father, who in his early days left Kilchoman to take up a teaching appointment at Scorraig in Ross-shire, was a poet of a high order. His verses, written on hearing of the death of a brother in Demerara in the West Indies, are preserved in the pages of "An t-Oranaiche."

We quote one of his best known poems:—

#### "GRUAGACH PHORT-NA-H-AIBHNE."

Air Fonn—"Mairi Ghreannar."

Seinneam fein an duanag so  
 Do'n rìbhinn bhòidheach uasal ghlan  
 A thachair orm an uaigneas  
 'S mi cuairt 'am Port-na-h-aibhne.

Gur h-ìomadh oidhche ghaillionneach  
 A ghaoil a rinn mi tachairt ort,  
 'S ged sheideadh sian cha ghearanainn  
 Is m'anam ann an geall ort.

Bu shòlas dhomh air thalamh e  
 A ghaoil bhi daonnan maille riut,  
 'S gu'n fògradh e gach smalan dhlom  
 'Nuair gheibh'nn nam ghlacaibh teann thu.

Cha 'n iarrainn féin de shòlasan  
 Ach a bhi daonnan còmhla riut,  
 Is beul ri beul 'gad phògradh-sa  
 Bho'n dheònaich thu gun fhoill iad.

Ged bhithinn air mu chuartachadh  
 Le maoin 's le stòras buaireasach,  
 Cha chùnnainn fein ach suarach iad  
 Gun ghruagach Port-na-h-aibhne,

Ged shiùbhlainn fein an saoghal so  
 Gu ceathair chearn nan gaothanan,  
 A chaidh gu bràth bi taobh agam  
 Ri m' ghaol 's ri Port-na-h-aibhne.\*

\*Port-na-h-aibhne—Portnahaven.

A volume containing the choicest gems of Islay's present-day bards would be gladly welcomed by the Highland community.



## The Fairies.

---

Up the airy mountain,  
 Down the rushy glen,  
 We daren't go a-hunting  
 For fear of little men.  
 Wee folk, good folk,  
 Trooping all together,  
 Green jacket, red cap,  
 And white owl's feather.

Down along the rocky shore  
 Some make their home,  
 They live on crispy pan-cakes  
 Of yellow tide-foam;  
 Some in the reeds  
 Of the black mountain lake,  
 With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
 All night awake.

They stole little Bridget  
 For seven years long.  
 When she came down again  
 Her friends were all gone.  
 They took her lightly back,  
 Between the night and morrow,  
 They thought that she was fast asleep,  
 But she was dead with sorrow.  
 They have kept her ever since  
 Deep within the lake,  
 On a bed of flag leaves,  
 Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hillside,  
 Through the mosses bare,  
 They have planted thorn-trees  
 For pleasure here and there;  
 If any man so daring  
 As dig them up in spite  
 He shall find their sharpest thorn  
 In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,  
 Down the rushy glen,  
 We daren't go a-hunting  
 For fear of little men.  
 Wee folk, good folk,  
 Trooping all together,  
 Green jacket, red cap,  
 And white owl's feather.

—William Allingham.

## The Caves of Islay.

---

"And what is the sea?" asked Will.

"The sea!" cried the miller. "It is the greatest thing God made! That is where all the water in the world runs down into a great salt lake. There it lies, as flat as my hand and as innocent-like as a child; but they do say when the wind blows it gets up into water-mountains bigger than any of ours, and swallows down great ships bigger than our mill, and makes such a roaring that you can hear it miles away upon the land. There are great fish in it five times bigger than a bull, and one old serpent as long as our river and as old as all the world, with whiskers like a man, and a crown of silver on her head."

—*R. L. Stevenson.*

WE learn with regret almost bordering upon dismay that there are some benighted individuals who actually do not believe in Fairies. Spite of all the evidence they doubt on. Why on more than one occasion when Peter Pan asked those who believed in Fairies to demonstrate, we have seen a great audience respond to a man. Evidence! What use is evidence? Why was it that the butter would not come that day in Ardimersay dairy though the dairy-maids churned never so hard? What was it Big John saw on the way home from the show? Out upon the sceptical reprobate and all his clamour for the bald pedestrian fact. Has he ever come home at night from the Cattle Show at Bridgend? Some people would deny everything. Emerson, with his quiet smile, tells of a man who wrote a criticism of the Lord's Prayer. Fairies are older than the caveman, spite of Darwin's iconoclastic triumph. Nobody who has been to Islay would deny the influence of the spirits.

All over Scotland you find place-names which bear evidence of this belief, but in Islay the Little People of Peace lingered longest—long after the clamour of commerce had driven them from the frequented town

lands. I don't say that they are still actually seen, but away north yonder by Bolsa and up Kildalton way their presence is still felt, and that is how it is that, although the deer sheds its horns every year, such horns are never found nor any of the deer themselves found dead of old age. But if I cannot show you the Little Red Men themselves with their clothes dyed with crotal, still I know several places where they lived, and a cave where the Fairy Blacksmith plied his trade with noiseless hammer and smokeless fire. Sprinkle a little oatmeal on your clothes and we'll take the road together.

We choose the Kintra Road, take boat from the farm, and skirt the indented coast until we come to the Slochd Mhaol Doraidh.

Here wide chambers, long galleries and spacious halls have been sculptured by mordant unrest of the tireless sea. Halls there are where the nuptials of the laughing mermaids and merry mermen are held with Father Neptune looking on, and high carnival is held when the sun shines bright without. Greatly daring, we take our boat under the low arch which is the only portal to this subterranean domain. Once through the arch we are in the outer court, whence a small crevice admits us to the broad, water-floored, dome-roofed chamber within. All is dark, and we light our lamps and venture forward. Two corridors branch from the main hall, one mysterious and unknown, the other leading to a small gravelly beach upon which the sun has never shone. Out again, we circumnavigate the Soldier, an immense pillar fifty feet high which guards the entrance.

But what has all this to do with Fairies. Ah! to get to the *Sithein* you must approach the Slochd from the land side. All around you see that the grass is unusually green. These conical green knolls are the abodes of the Fairies. A hummock of that kind is called a *Tolman*. Whether we view this wonderful locality by land or explore its awful mysteries by sea we are stolid indeed if we leave its precincts unimpressed. The fearful depths of the abysmal sea; the thunders of the rollers in the caves; the architectural

peculiarities of its formation, with its conical mounds and crocketed pinnacles; the colour schemes of brilliant tints and beautiful harmonies; the yellows, the browns, the bright greens of the rocks, the dark blues of the water, with the trailing streaks of white foam, gleaming bright on its surface, and over all the careering pigeon and the canting gull, all combine to confirm the impression that on entering this 'tremendous neighbourhood' we have crossed the enchanted border and entered the Dreamland of Make Believe. But stay—when you crossed that burn did you see a woman washing clothes in the stream and folding and beating them with her hands on a stone in the middle of the water? You didn't? Good. That is the *Bean Nighe*, Washing Woman. That burn was a favourite haunt, and her being seen is a sure sign that Death is near. In lonely places she washes the linen winding-sheets of those about to die and spreads them by moonlight on the green braes. Oscar, son of the poet Ossian, met her on his way to Cairbre's feast, where the fatal fight arose from which he returned no more. Hugh of the Little Head encountered her on the evening before his last battle and she left him, as a parting gift (fàgail), that he should become the frightful apparition he did after death, the most celebrated in the West Highlands.

Fairy Blacksmiths are said to have inhabited at least one cave in Islay, and Sir Walter Scott has, as was his wont, used a tradition which is associated with one of the caves at Killean, near the Mull of Oa, to which we will now turn our steps.

On the two occasions on which the writer visited the Cave of Killean he had the advantage of the generous help and skilful guidance of Mr. MacGibbon, the hospitable tenant of Killean Farm, and was thus spared much trouble and disappointment. The cave is difficult of access and can only be entered at low water. When once we have scrambled up to the mouth of the cave we are well rewarded for our exertion.

A beautiful curtain of water glittering brilliantly as it falls over the cliff, and spangled with silver, veils the entrance. Within we find a spacious chamber,

high-domed like a cathedral. A lake occupies the centre with a beach of large stones. Stalactites hang from the roof in rows of toothed projections, and fungus-shaped stalagmites rise from the floor. The only light is from the entrance, and in the semi-darkness the white masses stand out against the dark background pallid and ghostly.

Here in the olden time a fairy blacksmith is said to have plied his craft, but official annals record a more mundane tenantry. In your ear—*It once contained a sma' still*. Surely no place was better suited. It is situated on a coast fringed with fang-like rocks. The cross-currents from the Mull of Oa beat up a continuous surf that flogs the coast line viciously. It is well above the sea level and guarded by unscalable cliffs on one side and on the other by a high peninsula which tapers down to the sea. Cliff and peninsula form a narrow creek up which the deep water rolls ceaselessly. Round this peninsula we must go to enter. Even at low tide we must take our chance and jump across the swirling water as it recedes. Then we cling to the cliff and crawl our perilous way along a narrow ledge just beyond the water line and over the rocks to safety. The smugglers, however, had access by means of a rope let down over the face of the cliff.

The last episode in the illicit enterprise associated with this cave is not without interest, containing as it does a link with the present. For a long time the officers of excise knew that somewhere in this locality spirits were being manufactured which paid no tax to the exchequer. At last a raid was decided on. By some unknown means, however, the smugglers came to know of the officers' intention, and when ultimately the guagers got access to the cave the birds had flown. Baffled, they had their revenge on the tenant of the adjoining farm, the father of Mr. MacGibbon, the present occupier. He was promptly apprehended and threatened with dire penalties if he would not disclose the names of the smugglers. Threats were unavailing. He stoutly refused to betray the fugitives, and was vindictively compelled to undergo a long term of imprisonment.



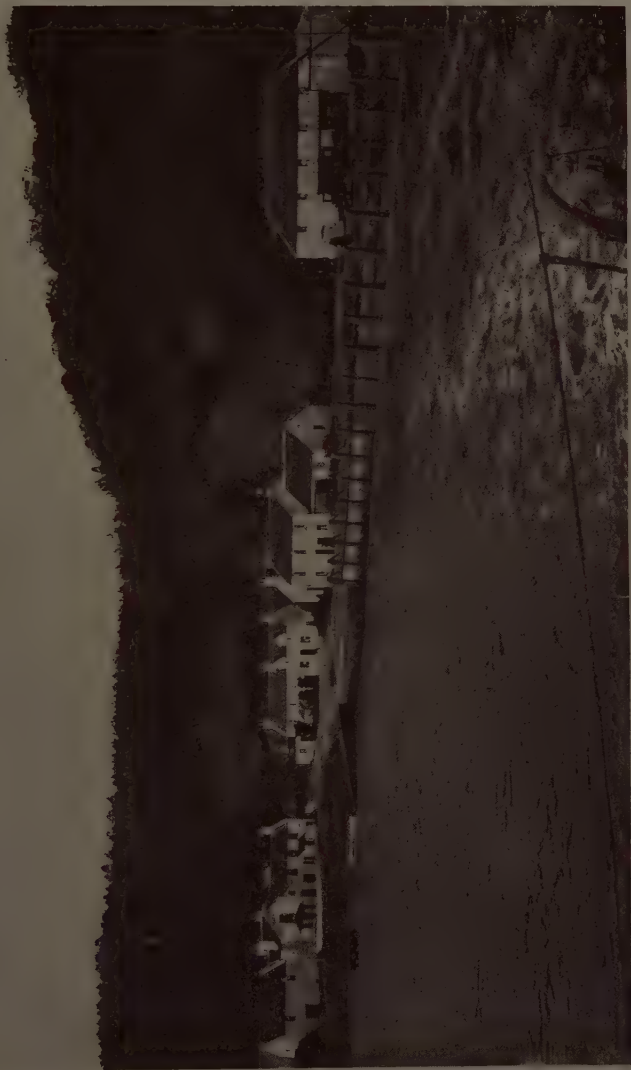
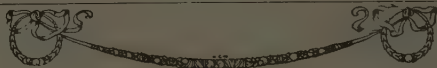


Photo by Archd. Cameron, Bowmors.

PORT ASKAIG.

# Second-Hand Sacks & Bags



ESTABLISHED 1870.

## WILLIAM BURNS

(GLASGOW LTD.),

E. M. BURNS.

J. M. BURNS.

Sack and Bag Merchants,

25-27 Great Wellington St., S.S.

GLASGOW.

Telephone Nos.  
1230 & 1231 South.

Telegrams:  
"Sacking," Glasgow.



... HIGHEST PRICES GIVEN ...

For all Empty Bags and Flour Sweepings.

Away up in the north of the island is the largest cave in Islay, the Great Cave of Bolsa, and indeed one of the biggest in Scotland. The most convenient way to reach this geological phenomenon is by boat from Port Askaig round the headland of Rudh a Mhail or to sail from Ardnave. A good road leads both to Port Askaig and Ardnave. By land the cave may be reached by following the Port Askaig road, and before reaching that town turning north across the moorland.

About this mysterious cavern tradition has many a tale to tell. Its immense size, its mazy recesses, the strange sounds which re-echo from its depths, all combined to verify the tragic stories. To explore the cave, it was said, a stream of blood had to be crossed, and once that water had been crossed there was no hope of return for the foolhardy adventurer. This stream was called the *Totan dearg*, and it was more awful than the Lethe of the Greeks. A tiny rivulet trickling over the ochreous earth is the basis of the legend.

Once upon a time a piper ventured to fathom the mysteries of this uncanny place. His only weapon was the bagpipes, and accompanied by his dog he set out. He never returned. He played his own coronach, "Cha till mi tuille,"—"I shall never return." Some time afterwards his dog came out at a well near Druisker, about seven miles from the cave and, horrible to relate, he was hairless—singd in a subterranean fire. And even yet among the wild solitudes which surround Bolsa Cave the plaintive lament of the hapless piper comes down the wind, but woe, woe to him that hears it. Those skilled in the language of the pipes say that he is lamenting the fact that he has not three hands—two to play and one to fight the fiends that encompass him.

# The Old Churches of Islay.

A heap of stones e'en like the shepherd's home.  
Sunk in a coign far from the fret and fume  
Of earth-bespattering rain and ocean foam.

*Hebrid Echoes.*

—*Archd. N. Currie.*

THESE are in Islay many problems for the inquisitive archæological mind. Many of our old Churches can be assigned a definite chronology, but our cromlechs, druidical circles, cairns, tumuli, crannogs, runed crosses, and the like must, we are glad, forever be imprisoned within the charmed circle of archæological obscurity. Yet the obscurity surrounding their origin and the futility of further search in many specific instances are the strengthening factors in aiding the contemplative mind in weaving a fine web of fancy over a dim and venerable past. Fiona Macleod's tales, for instance, are built on this paradoxically insecure yet everlastingly secure foundation of beautiful interpretive uncertainty and they would probably fade into insignificance in the light of archæological truth were there no minds of sufficient colouring and strength to make the interpretation of a dim lost world a certainty of the imagination—a certainty which is amply confirmed by the heritage and expression of the modern Celtic mind. The soul of a Highland community resides not only in its songs, but in the venerably grand vestiges of a departed order of civilisation. There are many such vestiges in Islay. From Ruvaal to Isle Orsay, the home of Mackay of the Rhinns, the celebrated Seer of Islay; from Sanaig shore to Dun Naomhaig we can weave our web of fancy for ourselves with an abundance of material which is outwith the chronological reach of the historian or antiquarian. Our material may, however, carry us down to a definite lower chronological limit—the immediately pre-Columban period. After that period many isolated

facts filter through the pages of recorded history, and our knowledge of events associated with those times becomes definitised. As monuments of culture and skill in Islay we have for instance Crois a Bhriuin or Crois a' Bhreitheimh (The Judge's Cross) which was removed from Corrary to Kilarrow, two monoliths : one at Uisg 'an t-suidhe and the other at Gartacharra ; Caraban, the last resting-place of Godred Crovan and our Celtic crosses of manifold importance to the rune interpreter. Graham's "Carved Stones of Islay" does ample justice to this section of Celtic art.

As regards our ancient Churches, that of Kil-Finlagan we believe to be the oldest. It is frequently referred to in ancient charters. Other ancient Churches are given in chronological order—Keills (St. Columba's Church), Kilmeny, Kilmorey, Kilarrow, Kilnave, Nave Island Church, Kilchoman, Kilchiaran, Isle Orsay, Gleneigedale, Nearabus, Kildalton and Kilnaughton. The mortal remains of Macaoidh na Ranna, the "Seer of Islay" rest in Isle Orsay Churchyard.

Kilchoman Churchyard is historically associated with the Battle of Traigh Ghruineart. In it is buried Lachluinn Mor an Dà Chridhe (The Two Hearted Lachlan) who fell in the fight which was to decide the priority of claim of the contestants (Macdonalds of Islay and Macleans of Mull) for the fertile Rhinns of Islay.

Another Church remains to be mentioned and we must confess that to our mind it presents finer outlines of interest than any of the others. The writer received his introduction to the Church many years ago when he knew very little of the history attached to it, yet his first visit will be indelibly stamped on his memory. It was an Autumn evening : one of those mellow Autumn evenings which one can only have in the Hebrides. The day was dying in languorous ease and the gold-red orb of the sun was being slowly immersed in the quiescent splendour of a western sky. The picture to the young mind was pregnant with romance. To the left was a long shoulder of hill into which was carved a dusty road leading south west to a glamorous Lossit Strand, to the right a parallel shoulder forming

with the first a deep westward facing valley. At the head of the valley, centrally situated on a grassy eminence was the ruined Churchyard of Kilchiaran companioned in primeval silence by its attendant Churchyards (there are two—an ancient and a modern).

The Church is, indeed, a bare picture. It is a rectangular building with one gable still in a remarkable state of preservation. On a grassy "leanag" inside the Chapel we have a number of grave slabs with characteristic sword-emboss and strange rune incision and fixed into the western wall, if we recollect aright there is still the stone holy water basin referred to in "Hebrid Echoes." There is scattered around a profusion of characteristic objects of evidential interest to the antiquarian, but we prefer to have our mind wander into the past not alone in the strait-laced, analytic, querulous disputatious mood of the antiquarian but companioned by a sweet and gentle imagination which can weave a web of the finest fanciful texture over the delicate tracery of the past—a web through whose sacred meshes the mind's eye may picture a rude, heathy slope, a heap of venerable stones and a solitary and hallowed basin which holds

"Century-brimming tears that heavenward mount."



## Historical Summary.

---

" . . . Far off things,  
And battles long ago." —Wordsworth.

563. Columba lands on Iona. Evangelisation of the Isles begins.
843. Tribes united under the Dalriad king, Kenneth MacAlpin. Vikings raid the Western Isles.
1095. Godred Crovan died in Islay.
1140. Ragnhild, granddaughter of Godred Crovan, founds the dynasty of the Lord of the Isles.
1156. Somerled gets possession of Islay as guardian for his children, and on his death his possessions divided among his three sons.
1262. By request of the island chiefs, Hacon invades the West.
1263. Battle of Largs.  
The allegiance of Angus Mor of the Isles wavered between Norway and Scotland, but after the Battle of Largs, a treaty of peace seems to have been patched up between the island chiefs and the King of Scotland.
1314. Angus Oig of Islay, with between seven and eight thousand men, fights for Robert Bruce at Bannockburn.
1344. Treaty with King David II.

- 1411. Donald of the Isles defeats royal army in a pitched battle at Harlaw.
- 1431. Donald Balloch of Dunyvaig in revenge for the murder of his father puts himself at the head of his clan and defeats the King's army at Inverlochy. About one thousand of the royal army left dead on the field, while the MacDonald's loss was only twenty-seven.
- 1460. Conspiracy headed by Earl of Ross and Donald Balloch, with object of conquering Scotland by the aid of English auxiliaries, for mutual advantage.
- 1480. Battle of Bloody Bay.
- 1498. John, fourth and last Lord of the Isles, died at Paisley after a life of strife, during which he declares himself independent of Scotland. The monastery at Paisley benefited much through the raids of the MacDonalds.  
Between 1493 and 1615 the MacDonalds made numerous attempts to regain their estates, the power of Scotland and particularly Argyle being united against them.
- 1598. Battle of Traigh Gruineart between MacLeans under Sir Lauchlan Mòr, and MacDonalds under Sir James MacDonald.
- 1615. Dunyvaig taken by royal forces.
- 1615. Sir James MacDonald of Islay escapes from prison. Reward £2000, increased afterwards to £5000, offered for him dead or alive.
- 1615. MacDonald lands in Islay and captures Dunyvaig. Concentration of forces against MacDonald. Dunyvaig given up to the Earl of Argyle. Sir John Campbell of Calder gains possession of Islay.



1730. Campbell of Shawfield, Member of Parliament, pays £12,000 for Islay estates, three-fourths of that sum came directly from the ratepayers of Glasgow, being recompense for the wrecking of his house by a Glasgow mob, on account of his voting for the Malt Tax.
1853. Islay's estates purchased by James Morrison, Esq., of Basildon Park, Berkshire.
1909. Mr. Hugh Morrison became Laird of Islay.
1918. Tuscania disaster, 6th February.
1918. Otranto disaster, 6th October.



## Notes on Islay History.

---

The flocks of the stranger the long glen are roaming,  
Where a thousand fair homesteads smoked bonnie at gloaming;  
Our wee crofts run wild wi' the bracken and heather  
And our gables stand ruinous bare to the weather.

**I**SLAY was at one time the most important island of the Hebrides. The Lords of the Isles regarded the Scottish kings as equals — indeed, sometimes as inferiors. It has happened that a Lord of the Isles has had to step across to arrange the affairs of the adjoining kingdom of Scotland, and more than one had serious thoughts of annexing it.

Few islands of the size of Islay have had so varied a history. Dalriadic raids, Viking raids, civil wars, clan feuds, commissions of fire and sword, all follow each other in the tragic melodrama of its past. Godred Crovan, Somerled, John of Islay, Donald Balloch, all figure in its early scenes. Its history extends from long before the *Christuden*, with its golden dragon, carried Haco through the Sound of Islay down to the grey grim *Cruiser* that lay in Lochindaal last week. The sea that called the Vikings first to venture to the west was the first line of defence when a Scottish king sought to invade. 'The Forth bridled the wild Highlander,' but the sea had no such effect on the Islander, but stopped the advance of the avenger.

Three times a Scottish king planned an expedition to the turbulent islands, and as often, when he saw the waves that rolled between, shivered on the brink, and returned to pleasanter pursuits. It is almost beyond belief, but nevertheless absolutely true, that James VI. actually issued an order for the absolute *extirpation* of the total population of certain of the Western Isles. Shameful, indeed, that a Scottish Marquis (The

Marquis of Huntly) should have been found sordid enough to undertake it. The order was never carried out, not because the Noble Marquis had any scruples as to the service, but because they could not agree as to the division of the blood-money.

It would be a profound mistake to imagine that the inhabitants of Islay and of the Hebrides in these early days were savage barbarians or were even ignorant and unlearned. When we remember their turbulent history from Viking raids to commissions of fire and sword, the decimations of war and the ravages of plague, we appreciate the reason for the tantalising meagreness and uncertainty of their history and the destruction of their written records. That they had such records is now admitted. Dr. Magnus Maclean, in his great work, *The Literature of the Highlands*, writes :—

“ It was left to the scholarship of the nineteenth century to unearth the ancient treasures and to show that Gaelic was a literary language long before English literature came into existence, and that there are still extant Celtic-Latin MSS. almost as old as the very oldest codexes of the Bible. There is undoubtedly a charm in the thought that all over the continent of Europe in the libraries of many of its romantic cities and towns there are scores of MSS. some of them upwards of 1000 years old, fugitives in the early times from these much harassed islands, and that European scholars of the highest erudition such as Zeuss, Ebel, Nigra, Ascoli, Windisch, Zimmer, and Whitely Stokes have been profoundly interested in these literary relics, and have devoted much of their time to the work of studying, translating, and elucidating the Gaelic texts and glosses found in them.”

The history of Islay is thus the more alluring when it is the more remote. At present, its economic outlook is dark, and when we lift our eyes to the future we find it black indeed, with but the faintest glimmer of a ray of hope.

Angus Oig MacDonald of Islay took 4000 men from the Isles to Bannockburn. About five and a half centuries after, another Islayman, whose father was born near Kilnave and his mother up Port Askaig way, led the Highland Brigade at the Alma, and as the history books say, “ Was mainly instrumental in the success of that engagement.” From the time of Angus Oig to Lord Clyde and before and after, from

the time when they held the right of Bruce's army, to that day when they stood a 'thin red line' at Balaclava, with incidents like the 'forlorn hope at Badajos,' and their lining up to die on the deck of the *Birkenhead* and many a glorious deed between, the men from the Highland glens have gone forth to bring credit to themselves and honour to their country. Not alone in war but in every department of human activity the Celt has gained an envied reputation—in imaginative genius, in commercial enterprise, and in scientific achievement.

To walk, *to-day*, among the glens of the Oa or to wander through the meadows beyond Ballygrant is like following in the wake of a ravaging army; like viewing the devastation of a plague. To-day the sheep graze around the deserted clachan, and the nettle grows rank among the crumbling ruins. An adder, the only tenant, glides under the wall and the grim skeleton of what was once called by the sacred name of *home* lifts its naked gables to heaven as if in protest—a sermon in stones, a monument and a sign. It was that Celtic hero Galgacus who, in the first century, used the words which might to-day be written over many a landscape up and down this Scotland of ours, "They have made a solitude and they call it peace." And one is reminded of Goldsmith's lines,

"Ill fares the land to hastening woes a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.  
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,  
A breath can make them as a breath hath made.  
But the bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

# Index.

	PAGE
<b>A</b>	
Ardbeg, ...	97
Ardnave, ...	53, 129

<b>B</b>	
Baile Nechdainn, ...	96
Balinaby, ...	60
Balloch, Donald, ...	54
Ballygrant, ...	72
Blair, D.D., Rev. Robert, ...	85
Bolsa, ...	129
Bowmore, ...	24
Braigo, ...	62
Bridgend, ...	29
Bruichladdich, ...	65

<b>C</b>	
Callumkill, ...	61, 97
Campbell of Calder, ...	69, 114
Campbell, Annie, Mother of Lord Clyde, ...	77
Campbell, Admiral, ...	77
Campbell, Charles, ...	116
Campbell, John F., ...	116
Campbeltown, ...	56
Caraban, ...	79
Caves—	
Bolsa, ...	129
Dark, ...	50
The Dove's, ...	50
MacNicol's, ...	50
Claggan Bay, ...	98
Clyde, Lord, ...	53, 77
Coll the Left Handed, ...	114
Conisby, ...	64
Coul, ...	55
Cragabus, ...	90

	PAGE
Cross of Kildalton, The	
Great, ...	99
Crovan, Godred, ...	79
Currie, Archd. N., ...	120

<b>D</b>	
Dragon, The Great Islay, ...	81
Duich River, ...	42
Dunad, ...	91
Dun Bhoraيراig, ...	72
Dunlossit, ...	73, 76

<b>F</b>	
Fern Cottage, ...	49
Finlaggan Loch, ...	73

<b>G</b>	
Gartmain, ...	87
Gartmain Golf Course, ...	37
Gleneigedale, ...	86
Glenmachrie, ...	86
Glen Mackay, ...	66
Godfrey's Castle, ...	45
Godred Crovan, ...	79
Golden Sands, ...	88
Gorm, Loch, ...	59
Gruineart, ...	52, 109

<b>J</b>	
Johnston, Duncan, ...	121

<b>K</b>	
Kells, ...	75
Kilbride, ...	94
Kilchoman, ...	55
Kilchiaran, ...	57
Kildalton, ...	97

# INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
Killeán, ... ..	127	<b>O</b>	
Kilmeny, ... ..	72	Orsay, Island of, ...	67
Kilnaughton, ... ..	88	<b>P</b>	
Kilnave, ... ..	53	Pattison, Thomas, ...	49, 116
Kintour, ... ..	98	Pillar Stones, ...	95
Kintra, ... ..	82	Port Charlotte, ...	65
<b>L</b>		Port Ellen, ...	28
Lagavulin, ... ..	97	Portnahaven, ...	66
Laggan House, ... ..	50	Port Wemyss, ...	69
Laphroaig, ... ..	22	Port Askaig, ...	76
Lasrach, ... ..	94	<b>R</b>	
Livingston, William, 26, 87,	116	Ramsay, Esq., Iain, ...	29
Loch Gorm, ... ..	41, 59	Ramsay, Mrs. ...	31
Lords of the Isles, ...	74	Ramsay Memorial Hall,	29
<b>M</b>		Roads, Islay, ...	92
MacAlpine, Neil, ...	46, 57	Road, Low, ...	78
MacCuaig, Misses, ...	85	<b>S</b>	
MacDonald, Dr. William,	116	Sanaig, ...	62
MacDougall, Peter, ...	90	Saligo, ...	61
MacGilvray, Alex., ...	116	Slochd Mhaol Doraidh,	126
MacIntyre, Miss, ...	41	Smaul, ...	62
MacKenzie, ... ..	67	Standing Stones, The Field	
MacLachlan, Dr. Donald,	41	of the, ...	95
MacLean, Hector, ...	119	Sunderland, ...	59
MacLiver, John, Father of		<b>T</b>	
Lord Clyde, ...	53	Tayvullin, ...	53
MacMillan, John, ...	116	Texa, ...	22
MacNeill, Dr. Nigel,	117	<b>U</b>	
MacNiven, Duncan,	122	Uisgentuie, ...	52
Morrison, Esq., Hugh, 30,	41	Uisgentuie River, ...	42
Mullintrea, ... ..	47	<b>V</b>	
Mulindry, ... ..	48	Viking Graves, ...	61
Murdoch, John, ...	116	Visitors' Club, ...	29
<b>N</b>			
Nave Island, ... ..	53		
Nerabus, ... ..	66		
Nosebridge, ... ..	46		

ESTABLISHED 1879.



# Thomas Urquhart & Sons

Timber Merchants,  
100 KELVINHAUGH STREET,  
GLASGOW.



Large Quantities of New and Second-hand Battens, Flooring, Lining, Sarking, Doors, Windows, Corrugated Iron Sheets, and other Building Material always in stock. Old Buildings bought and demolished.

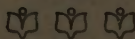


ESTIMATES ON APPLICATION.

# ... Efficient ... Printing Service



**WE** offer our services for all classes of Commercial, Magazine, Book and General Printing. Office centrally situated opposite Waterloo Street Parcel Post Office. Equipped with modern Type-Setting machines for rapid composition, and up-to-date Presses. Quotations, Samples of Paper, Specimens of Type gladly supplied. We shall be pleased to quote for any Printing work you have in contemplation.



Archibald Sinclair  
47 Waterloo St.. Glasgow

Telephone: Central 2626.

Established 1848.



Glasgow

WOOL

Sales.



Crawford, Cree & Lawrie's, Ltd.

Wool  
and Grain  
Merchants.



204-208 ELLIOT STREET, GLASGOW.

---

Consignments of WOOLS and SKINS  
respectfully solicited.

---

Seeds, Manure, Feeding Stuffs and Dipping Materials  
of the Best Quality supplied.



 KU-093-756